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1/

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Illustrated London News, 31/3/23.



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1923.

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LEADING IN THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL: MR. S. SANFORD WITH HIS HORSE, SERGEANT MURPHY (CAPTAIN BENNET UP), RECEIVING THE ACCLAMATIONS OF THE CROWD AT AINTREE.

The victory of the veteran thirteen-year-old, Sergeant Murphy, in the Grand National was very popular. As mentioned on our double-page of photographs in this number illustrating the race, the horse was ridden by Captain Bennet, a gentleman rider, for Mr. S. Sanford, who is the first American owner to carry off the Grand National. Mr. Sanford, who left Cambridge only last year, is a keen

hunting man and polo-player. Sergeant Murphy was trained by George Blackwell, the well-known Newmarket trainer, who has now practically retired. The horse's starting-price was 100 to 6 against. He was well to the fore throughout the race, and made no mistakes. After it was over, he received a great welcome from the crowd, and Captain Bennet and Mr. Sanford were presented to the King.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK; AND NOTABLE SPORTING OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, MAULL AND FOX, L.N.A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTOPRESS, C.N., ROUGH, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



AN EMINENT FOREIGN OFFICE OFFICIAL: THE LATE LORD SANDERSON.



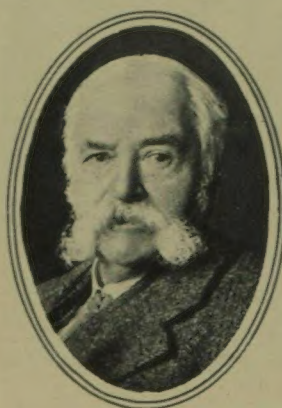
NEW LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY (UNPAID): MAJOR W. COPE, M.P.



A DISTINGUISHED JUDGE: THE LATE MR. JUSTICE BRAY.



NEW G.O.C., WESTERN COMMAND, INDIA: LT.-GEN. SIR G. M. KIRKPATRICK.



A VETERAN LANDSCAPE-PAINTER: THE LATE MR. B. W. LEADER, R.A.



ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERER AT SIXTEEN: MR. WILLIAM NELSON ABBOTT.



THE FRENCH ARMY'S VICTORY OVER THE BRITISH ARMY AT "RUGGER" BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES: A FRENCH PLAYER (RIGHT) TAKES A PASS AS A SCRUM BREAKS UP.



THE ANGLO-FRENCH BATTLE OF TWICKENHAM: A BRITISH PLAYER (BACK TO CAMERA) WITH THE BALL "COLLARED" LOW.



WITH "POPS," THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE MASCOT: MR. G. L. THOMSON, THE CAMBRIDGE COACH.



THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL: MR. S. SANFORD'S SERGEANT MURPHY (CAPTAIN BENNET UP).



OWNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL WINNER: MR. SANFORD



TO MEET WEST HAM UNITED IN THE F.A. CUP FINAL: THE BOLTON WANDERERS TEAM (AMONG OTHER PLAYERS) WHO BEAT SHEFFIELD UNITED IN THE SEMI-FINAL.



TO MEET THE BOLTON WANDERERS IN THE F.A. CUP FINAL: THE WEST HAM UNITED TEAM, WHO BEAT DERBY COUNTY IN THE SEMI-FINAL.

Lord Sanderson became Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office in 1894, and retired in 1906, after 47 years of public service.—Major W. Cope, who has been appointed a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury (unpaid), is the Unionist Member for Llandaff and Barry.—Mr. Justice Bray, who was raised to the Bench in 1904, was one of the ablest and strongest of our Judges.—General Kirkpatrick was Director of Military Operations in India, 1914-16, Chief of General Staff, India, 1916-20, and G.O.C. the Forces in China, 1920-1.—Mr. B. W. Leader, whose landscapes have been a familiar feature of the Royal Academy for so many years, was 92. He exhibited three pictures last year.—Mr. W. N. Abbott is the young British astronomer who was the first to observe (from Athens)

the sudden increase in magnitude of the star, Beta Ceti, mentioned in our issue of March 10 under a drawing of the Pleiads. He wired the news to M. Camille Flammarion in Paris.—The French Army beat the British Army at Twickenham on March 24 by 5 tries (15 points) to 2 tries (6 points). The Prince of Wales was present.—After winning the Grand National, Mr. S. Sanford and Captain Bennet were presented to the King.—The West Ham United team (above) are (l. to r.) Brown, Ruffel, Richards, Tresadern, Moore, Watson, Young, Henderson, Kay, Bishop, and Hufton (goalkeeper). The Bolton Wanderers team being mixed up with so many other players in the group, we must (through lack of space to indicate their position) leave it to their friends to pick them out.

A ROYAL CHRISTENING IN A VILLAGE CHURCH: AT GOLDSBOROUGH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND I.B.



WHERE 7000 PEOPLE ASSEMBLED TO GREET THEIR MAJESTIES AND THEIR FIRST GRANDCHILD: THE KING AND PRINCESS MARY (CENTRE) WALKING IN THE PROCESSION FROM GOLDSBOROUGH CHURCH THROUGH THE VILLAGE AFTER THE CEREMONY.



THE ROYAL PARTY AT GOLDSBOROUGH HALL: (L. TO R.) IN FRONT—PRINCESS MARY, THE QUEEN WITH THE BABY, THE KING, AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES; (BEHIND) VISCOUNTESS BOYNE, MAJOR EDWARD LASCELLES, THE COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, AND PRINCE GEORGE.

The infant son of Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles, born on February 7, was baptised on Palm Sunday by the Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, in St. Mary's Church, at Goldsborough. The godparents present were the King and Queen, the Countess of Harewood (mother of Viscount Lascelles), and Mr. G. R. Lane-Fox, Minister of Mines, representing very old Yorkshire friends of Viscount Lascelles' family. Lady Harewood also stood proxy for Queen Alexandra; and other proxies were—Lady Mary Trefusis (for Lady Patricia Ramsay); Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles (for his father, the Earl of Harewood, who was not well enough to attend); and Prince George (for General

Sir George Higginson, the oldest living officer of the Grenadier Guards, in which Viscount Lascelles formerly served). The Queen presented the baby for baptism and named him "George Henry 'Hubert.'" After the ceremony the royal party walked in procession through the village to Goldsborough Hall, Princess Mary's home, stopping on the way at the village war memorial, which the King saluted. In the upper photograph, following his Majesty and Princess Mary, are the nurse, Mrs. Taylor (carrying the baby) and the Rector of Goldsborough, the Rev. A. H. Kelk. Viscountess Boyne is Lord Lascelles' only sister. She married the ninth Viscount Boyne in 1906.

OXFORD'S FIRST POST-WAR VICTORY IN THE BOAT-RACE:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., SPORT



THE RACE AS SEEN FROM HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, AFTER OXFORD HAD TAKEN THE LEAD, WHICH THEY THEN RETAINED THROUGHOUT: CAMBRIDGE (ON THE RIGHT) HALF A LENGTH BEHIND.

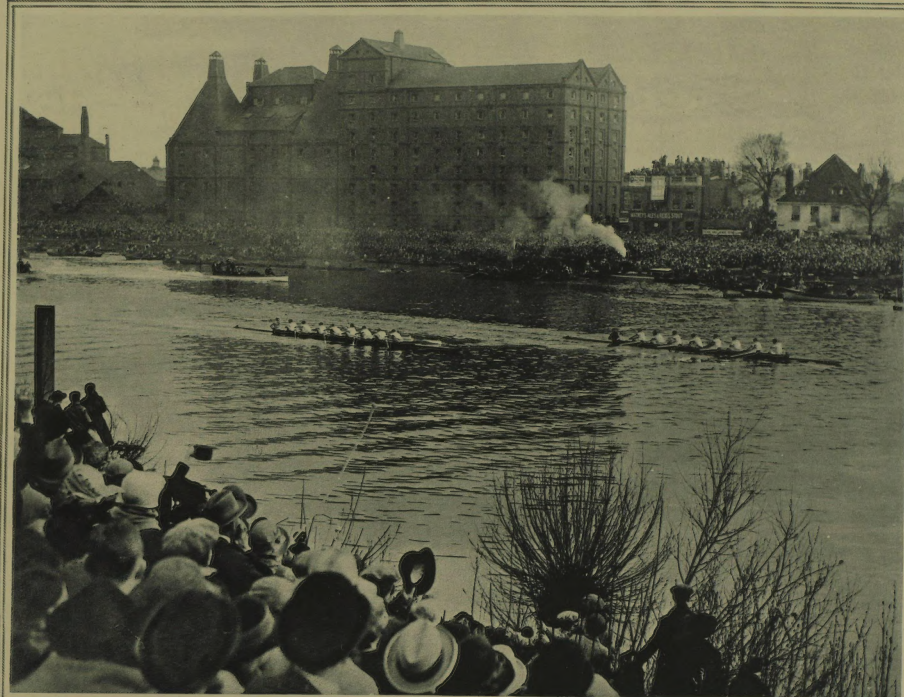


THE RACE AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: A REMARKABLE VIEW SHOWING THE RIVER LIKE A WRINKLED CLOTH AND THE RIVAL BOATS LIKE CENTIPEDES, WITH THE UMPIRE'S BOAT AND OTHER CRAFT FOLLOWING IN THEIR WAKE.

Oxford beat Cambridge in the Boat Race on March 24 by three quarters of a length, thus breaking the spell of Light Blue successes, and winning for the first time since 1913. Of the 75 races that have been rowed, Oxford have now won 40 and Cambridge 34, and there was one dead-heat. This year Oxford won the toss and chose the Surrey side, thus getting the inside of the long bend above Hammersmith, and giving Cambridge the benefit of the later bend at Barnes. Cambridge led slightly at the start, but Oxford drew ahead near the Mile Post, and kept the lead for the rest of the race, although Cambridge made a splendid spurt towards the end, and, after being over 2 lengths behind, reduced the distance to half a length at Mortlake Brewery. Oxford, however, drew away again in

THE CAMBRIDGE SPELL BROKEN AFTER A GREAT STRUGGLE.

AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



THE EXCITING FINISH OF THE RACE AT MORTLAKE: OXFORD (ON THE RIGHT) WINNING BY THREE-QUARTERS OF A LENGTH AFTER CAMBRIDGE HAD MADE A FINE BUT INEFFECTUAL SPURT.



"ROWED OUT" AFTER THEIR TREMENDOUS EFFORT: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH STROKE (EXTREME LEFT) PROSTRATE IN THE BOAT, AND THE OXFORD CREW BEYOND, AT MORTLAKE AFTER THE FINISH.

the last few strokes. Their time for the course was 20 min. 54 sec. Fine weather attracted vast crowds to both banks of the river. In the right-hand lower photograph of the crews, the Cambridge cox, R. A. L. Balfour, is not visible. The others (from left to right) are T. R. B. Sanders (stroke), R. E. Morrison (7), T. D. A. Collet (6), B. G. Ivory (5), S. H. Heap (4), K. N. Craig (3), F. W. Law (2), and W. F. Smith (bow). The Oxford crew (from left to right) are: G. D. Clapperton (cox), W. P. Mellen (stroke), G. O. Nickalls (7), J. E. Pedder (6), C. J. Mower-White (5), R. K. Kane (4), A. C. Irvine (3), P. R. Wace (2), and P. C. Mallam (bow). Mr. W. P. Mellen, who is an American, has been described as Oxford's best stroke since R. C. Bourne.

AN OXFORD VICTORY IN THE SPORTS; AND A CAMBRIDGE RECORD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE LONG JUMP: H. M. ABRAHAMS (CAMBRIDGE), WINNER (ALSO OF THE HUNDRED AND THE QUARTER).



THE POLE JUMP: D. R. MICHENER (OXFORD), THE WINNER, CLEARING THE CROSS BAR.



PUTTING THE WEIGHT: F. K. BROWN (OXFORD), THE WINNER, MAKING HIS SUCCESSFUL PUT.



THE HALF MILE: D. G. A. LOWE (CAMBRIDGE), THE WINNER BY INCHES OF A VERY CLOSE RACE.



THE 120 YARDS HURDLES: R. STAPLEDON (OXFORD), THE WINNER (EXTREME RIGHT) AND THE OTHER COMPETITORS AT THE FIRST FLIGHT.



THE 220 YARDS LOW HURDLES: T. HUHN (OXFORD), THE WINNER, WHO LED THROUGHOUT.



THE MILE: W. R. MILLIGAN (OXFORD), THE WINNER, WHO RAN WITH FINE JUDGMENT.



THE HIGH JUMP: R. J. DICKINSON (OXFORD), THE WINNER, WHO NEARLY CLEARED 6 FT.



THE THREE MILES: N. A. MCINNES (OXFORD), THE WINNER, BREASTING THE TAPE AT THE FINISH.

In the 'Varsity Sports at Queen's Club on March 24, the Dark Blues won seven out of the eleven events, and Cambridge four. Oxford secured the Mile (W. R. Milligan: time, 4 min. 25 sec.), Putting the Weight (F. K. Brown: 42 ft. 8 in.), High Jump (R. J. Dickinson: 5 ft. 11 in.), 120 Yards Hurdles (R. Stapledon: 16.1-5 sec.), Three Miles (N. A. McInnes: 15 min. 22 sec.), Pole Jump (D. R. Michener: 10 ft. 6 in.), and 220 Yards Low Hurdles (T. Huhn: 24.4-5 sec.). Cambridge won the Hundred Yards (H. M. Abrahams: 10 sec.), Long Jump (H. M. Abrahams: 23 ft. 7½ in.—inter-University record), Quarter Mile (H. M. Abrahams: 50.4-5 sec.), and Half Mile (D. G. A. Lowe: 2 min. 4-5 sec.). It was

a great day for the Cambridge President, Mr. H. M. Abrahams, of Caius; for not only did he beat by an inch the late Mr. H. S. O. Ashington's record long jump of 1914, but he also beat Ashington's record of seven events in his University career by bringing his total of events to eight (4 Hundreds, 3 Long Jumps, and 1 Quarter). Yet another record was his winning the Hundred for the fourth year in succession. But his greatest triumph this year was to win the Quarter, by 3 yards, from Stevenson, of Oxford, who had previously done it in less than 49 seconds, in America, and was regarded as a certainty. In the Half Mile Mr. Lowe finished only a few inches in front of Mr. H. W. Kerr, of Oxford.

THE GREATEST ACTRESS OF OUR TIME: "THE DIVINE SARAH."

PAINTING BY LOUISE ABBEMA, PHOTOGRAPHED BY VIZZAVONA. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. AND D. DOWNEY AND HENRI MANUEL.



THE GREAT FRENCH ACTRESS WHO KEPT THE "DIAMOND JUBILEE" OF HER DÉBUT LAST YEAR: MME. SARAH BERNHARDT AT BELLE-ILE-EN-MER (1921)—
A PORTRAIT BY LOUISE ABBEMA EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.



IN ONE OF HER FAMOUS PARTS: SARAH BERNHARDT
IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF RACINE'S "PHÈDRE."



AS A NATIONAL HEROINE OF
FRANCE: SARAH BERNHARDT
AS JEANNE D'ARC.

SARAH BERNHARDT, the great French actress, universally recognised as the queen of her profession, was born in Paris in 1845. She entered the Conservatoire at thirteen, and made her début at the Comédie Française in "Iphigénie" in 1862, when she immediately attracted notice by her "golden" voice and dramatic power. Among the principal rôles in which she became famous are those of Phèdre, La Tosca, Théodora, Cléopâtre, L'Aiglon, and Hamlet. In 1899 she founded the Théâtre Sarah.

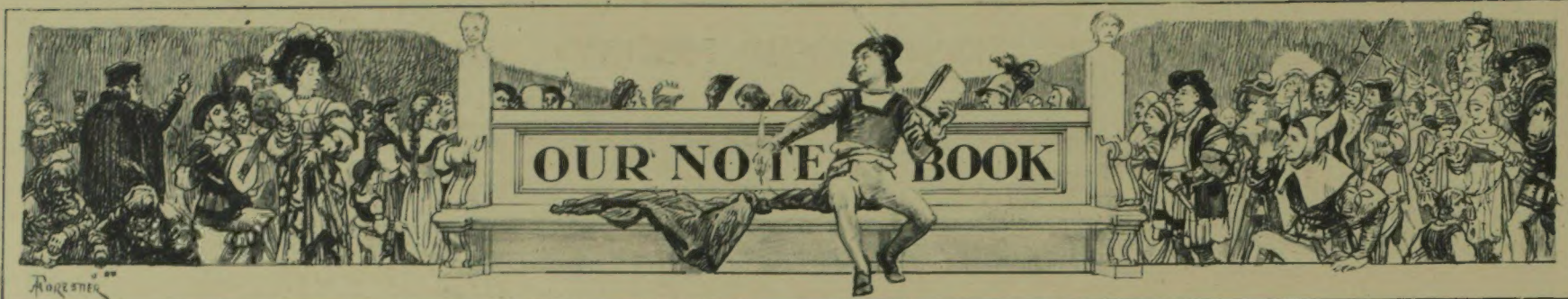
[Continued below.]



AS HEROINE OF ROSTAND'S "LA GLOIRE": SARAH
BERNHARDT IN ONE OF HER MOST FAMOUS RÔLES.

[Continued.] Bernhardt, and in 1913 she received the cross of the Legion of Honour. In addition to her work on the stage, she made a considerable reputation as a sculptor and painter, and exhibited in the Paris Salon. She also wrote books and plays. Her extraordinary vitality enabled her to surmount the disabilities

of advancing age and an operation some years ago. At the end of last year she toured in Italy. Recently she was acting for a film, and arranged to appear in a new play by M. Sacha Guitry. Her death occurred at her home in Paris on the evening of March 26, in her 78th year.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is not often, I hope, that I fall into the somewhat senile trick of quoting myself as a prophet. But in the case of Mr. Snowden's Parliamentary motion against private ownership I can claim to have known what the whole debate was like without reading it. It was a case rather of clairvoyance than prevision, for at the time of the debate I was speaking to the Crusaders' League of Mr. Penty and Dr. Orchard. I said that Mr. Snowden would talk all the State Socialism I believed when I was eighteen, and saw through when I was twenty-three; and he did. And I said that Mr. Snowden's opponents would say nothing at all; and they did. "They will not state the case for private property, because they don't know what it is. And they will not state the case for capitalism, because there isn't one." All this was obligingly fulfilled by Sir Alfred Mond, who said that any workman who owned his hammer was a capitalist. He also said that any workman who saved enough to buy his house was a capitalist. It was a somewhat unlucky allusion to be made by a politician who has himself been responsible in the matter of the Housing Question. The practical present result of the polity Sir Alfred had to defend is not that workmen can buy houses, but that they cannot find, lease, beg, borrow, or steal houses. The workman does not happen to have a house; and even when he does happen to have a hammer, it affords insufficient protection when held up like an umbrella in the rain.

The debate seems to be a muddle about the meaning of words. Sir Alfred can, if he likes, define capitalism as a condition in which workmen have capital. And in that case I should certainly be in favour of capitalism. Similarly, he can, if he likes, define Socialism as a condition in which workmen have social evenings and a social glass. And in that case I should certainly be in favour of Socialism. It does not matter what word we use, as long as both sides use the same word for the same thing. But if a world in which workmen own houses and hammers is capitalism, then the present system is not capitalism. The mark of the modern industrial State, as it now exists, is not that its workmen possess capital. The mark of that modern State is precisely that its workmen do *not* possess capital. Sir Alfred must not define it as one thing in order to defend it as another. Still less must he define it as one thing and then defend it as the very opposite thing. He must not define as capitalism a workman owning his house; and then defend as capitalism the system by which workmen notoriously do not own houses. As I say, he is free to call small property capitalism; it is perfectly true that small property is capital. But if he calls small property capitalism, what does he call that contrary condition in which there is next to no small property? If a commonwealth in which every workman owns his house and his hammer is to be called a capitalist State, what name are we to give to the very contrary sort of commonwealth in which all the workmen are tenants of a landlord and servants of a machine? It seems a perfectly needless confusion to call that capitalism too. And yet what else can we call it except capitalism? We seem to need another word, but the speaker certainly did not supply it.

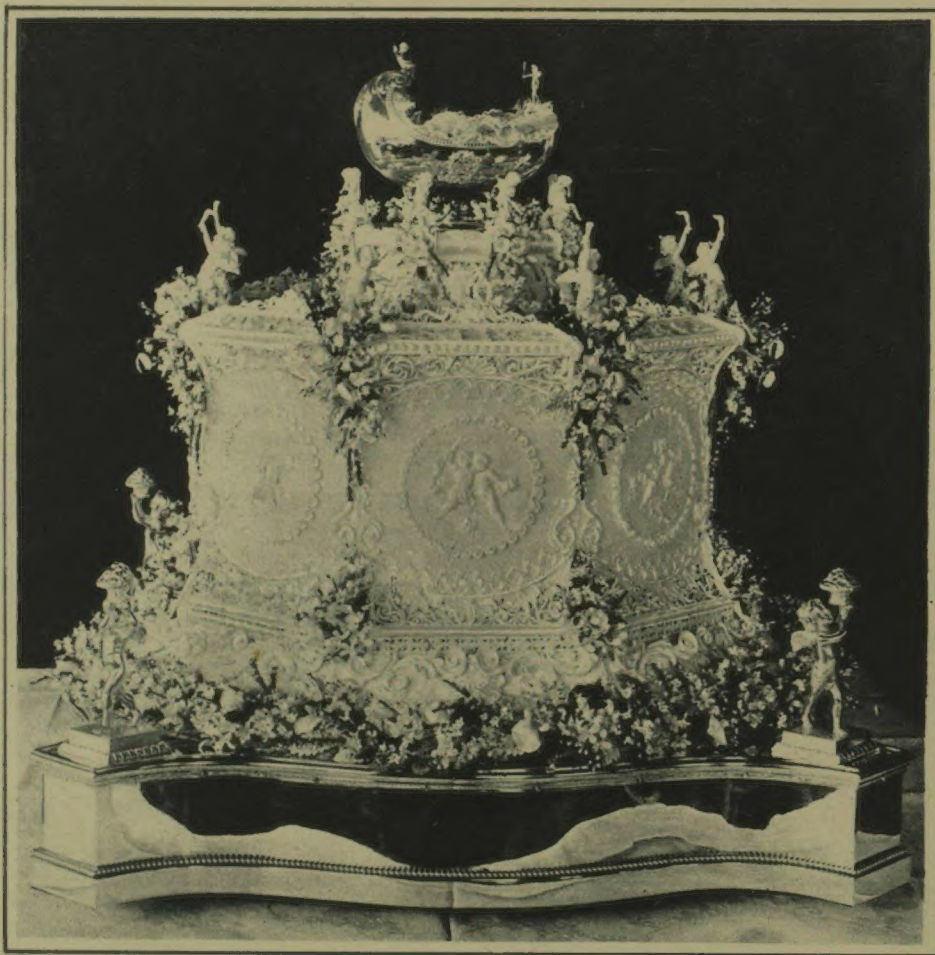
Anyhow, when I talk about capitalism I mean a perfectly distinct and definable thing; and I think most rational students of the problem now mean the same thing. I do not mean private property, or even private property in the means of production. I mean the condition in which there is such extreme inequality in private property, especially in the means

of production, that great masses of people have practically no property at all. I call it capitalism when property is so unequal that the small man cannot live on his own property, but must hire himself out as a servant to work another man's property. This is a distinct and definite state of affairs, quite apart from the problem of Socialism or even the problem of equality. Suppose there are five farms in a row, or five kitchen-gardens in a row. I do not call it capitalism because the farm is owned by the farmer and the garden by the gardener. I do not call it capitalism because they are not all owned by the Ministry of Agriculture or the Royal Commission on Cabbages. Nor do I even call it capitalism because some farms are rather larger than others, or some gardens rather better than others. I call it capitalism when the small farmer is forced to become a farm-labourer to the big farmer. I say that the capitalist condition appears at the moment when the one small

Alfred Mond or Mr. Snowden want to call something else capitalism, I want to know what they propose to call that. I do not mind calling it by some other name if they like. They need not fear; I shall have no difficulty in calling it names, and some of them less polite ones.

In short, there is a state of things, whatever we call it, in which the workman is normally a tenant and a servant. He does not own his own house, because it is a part of the great Fitzblunderbuss Estate. He does not even own his own hammer, because it is very often the celebrated Van Blast Steam Hammer, which a hundred men pass their lives in working. That is the state of things in which we now live; which some of us want to change; and some of us, I presume, want to preserve. And it seems to me that the real problem is rather concealed and confused than otherwise by this sort of debate,

in which Mr. Snowden professes to condemn all property, however good, and Sir Alfred Mond to defend all property, however bad. The thing sounds like a school debating club. Both positions are impossible; but what is more to the point, both positions are irrelevant. They do not refer to the real problem of the present civilisation, which is not property, but the disproportion of property, and, for most people, the absence of property. I hardly know which of these two wordy discursions is worse—the promises of Communism, which nobody wants, or the excuses of capitalism, which nobody believes. What every intelligent person is coming to see, more and more, is that if we wanted to preserve property, it was a mistake to allow it to become an exceptional instead of an ordinary thing. If we want property to be a part of the commonwealth we must make it common, not in the sense of a communal ownership, but in the sense of a common experience. It would be much more difficult to defend marriage in a country where not more than twenty people were legally allowed to get married. It would be much harder to assert the claim of mothers to babies if only a small group of fashionable mothers were allowed to have any babies. To judge by some recent scientific and ethical suggestions, it may come to that yet.



CROWNED WITH A SILVER CRADLE AND DECORATED WITH CUPIDS BEARING THE TORCH OF LIFE: A FINE CHRISTENING CAKE FOR PRINCESS MARY'S BABY.

This handsome cake, which weighed 180 lb., was cut at Goldsborough Hall on Palm Sunday on the occasion of the christening of Princess Mary's son. It is octagonal in shape, and ornamented with lace, sprays of flowers, and symbolic Cupids. The silver cradle at the top is inscribed with the baby's initials. The cake was made by Messrs. McVitie and Price, whose works at Edinburgh the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon recently visited to choose a design for their wedding-cake.—[Photograph by C.N.]

owner can no longer get even a small living out of growing cabbages for himself, and is obliged to take a wage to grow cabbages for somebody else. About whether this capitalist change in property need come, about why it does come, about how it can be prevented from coming, there is a great deal more to be said and a great deal of nonsense to be answered. As a historical fact, it never does come except by crime or conspiracy. Peasants have lived side by side in practical equality for countless centuries, without one of them buying up the rest or the rest becoming servants of the one. Small property never does evolve into capitalism, except where the hot, unhealthy atmosphere of capitalism is already present, and quickening the evolution as rapidly as a revolution. Where property is roughly equal it remains roughly equal, except under some actual raid of the rich, such as took place in the sixteenth century. But however this may be, the condition of capital widely scattered among the commons is obviously not the same as that of capital chiefly concentrated in the few capitalists; and the latter for convenience is called capitalism. If Sir

Needless to say, it was only in idle jest that I professed to have predicted Mr. Snowden's speech. But in one sense the perception might really be compared to a prediction. That sort of Socialist prediction, even when it was a thing of the future, was already a thing of the past. Even in looking forward to it, if anybody did look forward to it, we should also have looked back to it. For all that sort of Socialism has been undermined by the Socialists. That is the fact for a political realist to realise; that is why he would have been much wiser to listen to Mr. Penty at our little meeting than to listen to Mr. Snowden in Parliament. It is the revolutionists who have revolted against State Socialism, as they would against any other tyranny of the State. It is not the Conservatives who have defended property; they have hardly succeeded in discovering property. It is certainly not the capitalists who have succeeded in defending capitalism. It is exactly the sort of men who would have been Socialists thirty years ago who are now interested in the real answer to Socialism. The State Socialists have tended more and more to be Guild Socialists. The Guild Socialists have tended more and more towards the Guild, and away from the Socialism. The real world is moving to a renaissance of real property. And the ignorance of Westminster can only be expressed by saying that Mr. Snowden knows as little about it as Sir Alfred Mond.

TROD BY JESUS ON THE FIRST GOOD FRIDAY: THE VIA DOLOROSA.

DRAWING BY MAJOR BENTON FLETCHER.



WHERE "ST. VERONICA WIPED WITH HER KERCHIEF THE BLOOD AND SWEAT FROM THE WEARY SAVOUR'S FACE":
ONE OF THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS IN THE VIA DOLOROSA AT JERUSALEM.

"This is the street," writes Mr. Lionel Cust, "up which our Saviour Jesus Christ passed in His last journey from the prison near the Gate of the Temple to the place of death outside the wall of the city (as it then existed). Although, as a matter of course, there is no building in Jerusalem at the present day which can claim to have been in existence in the time of Jesus Christ, there is little reason for doubting the tradition that this street was actually traversed by Him

on His way to Calvary. . . . The piety of ages has established in this street points of special interest, which are known generally as the Stations of the Cross. Major Benton Fletcher's drawing shows the Station where the kind woman, known since as St. Veronica, wiped with her kerchief the blood and sweat from the weary Saviour's face. The street is well named the Via Dolorosa, or Street of Suffering."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE: THE LAST TOWNSHIP OF CANADA ON THE FRINGE OF THE GREAT WHITE NORTH.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED

BY MR. J. R. SCOBY.



A MARKET FOR THE INDIAN TRAPPER FAR TO THE NORTH OF WINNIPEG: FUR-CARRYING

This interesting photograph gives a glimpse of everyday life in a remote corner of the Empire which yet has its link with London and the homeland in the furs which adorn our shop-windows. The correspondent who sends the photograph, Mr. J. R. Scoby, of The Pas, Manitoba, writes: "The territory of which The Pas is the chief centre is composed of 176,000 square miles, and the total population is less than 5000. This includes both Indians, Eskimos, and whites. The territory is administered by a Commissioner, whose headquarters are at The Pas. The policing is done by three detachments of the Royal Canadian Police, comprising three N.C.O.'s and five constables. This territory is not yet represented in the Federal Parliament." The Pas, which lies some 300 miles to the north of Winnipeg, has been described as "the last township in Canada." Beyond it is a wilderness only inhabited by scattered Indian trappers, of the Cree tribe, and Eskimos. A railway which was built before the war for 350 miles north-eastward from Le Pas to a point on the Nelson River, to carry wheat to



DOG-SLEIGH TEAMS AT THE PAS, MANITOBA, AFTER UNLOADING THEIR FREIGHT OF BALES.

Hudson Bay for shipment to Europe, has never been finished and has fallen into disrepair. But a train still runs on it twice a month, taking home Indians who have sold their furs in The Pas. The natives on the Nelson River wear gauze veils as a protection from swarming mosquitoes. At the mouth of the Hayes River, which also flows into Hudson Bay near the Nelson, is York Factory, a 200-year-old post of the Hudson's Bay Company. There lived for five years R. M. Ballantyne, the famous writer of adventure stories; and the wooden church of the Indians has a window given by the widow of Franklin. Like the other Indians, the Crees are wards of the Canadian Government, which pays each one five dollars a year in cash, a sum which, in the words of their treaty, will be paid "while the sun shines and water flows." But the Crees are a dying race. In one district alone their number has fallen in recent times from 30,000 to 3000. After selling their furs in Le Pas, they lay in supplies for the winter and return to their trapping-grounds.

TO ATTEND THE DUKE OF YORK'S BRIDE AT HER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK, C.N., MAULL AND FOX.



LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE.
Daughter of Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone.



THE HON. ELIZABETH ELPHINSTONE.
Daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone.



LADY KATHARINE HAMILTON.
Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.



THE HON. CECILIA BOWES-LYON.
Daughter of Lord and Lady Glamis.

The wedding of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, is to take place on April 26 in Westminster Abbey. The full list of bridesmaids was announced on March 22. Three of them—Lady Mary and Lady May Cambridge and Lady Mary Thynne—were bridesmaids at the marriage of Princess Mary in the Abbey last year. Lady Mary and Lady May Cambridge, who are cousins of the Duke, also acted in the same capacity at the wedding of Princess Patricia of Connaught in 1919. Lady Mary Cambridge is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge.—Lady May Cambridge is the only daughter of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone.—Lady Katharine Hamilton is the youngest and only unmarried daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, Governor-General of Northern Ireland.—Lady Mary Thynne, daughter of

WEDDING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE BRIDESMAIDS.

MUSSELL, INSTEAD, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND SPEIGHT.



MISS BETTY CATOR.
Daughter of Mr. John Cator, J.P., D.L., and Mrs. Cator.



THE HON. DIAMOND HARDINGE.
Daughter of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst and the late Lady Hardinge.



LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE.
Daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge.



LADY MARY THYNNE.
Daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath.

the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, is also the youngest of three sisters, the other two of whom are married.—The Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone is the elder of the two daughters of Lord and Lady Elphinstone. Her mother is the eldest sister of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.—The Hon. Diamond Hardinge, only daughter of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, was named after King Edward's famous horse, Diamond Jubilee, which won the Derby about the time she was born. She is to be married herself, in June, to Major Robert Abercromby, M.C.—The Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon is a daughter of Lord Glamis, who is the eldest brother of the Duke of York's bride, and heir to the earldom of Strathmore.—Miss Betty Cator is the only daughter of Mr. John Cator, of Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk. Her mother is a sister of Mr. Charles Adeane, of Babraham Hall, near Cambridge.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

POISON and poisoning, much to the fore at present in newspaper headlines, may be in essence an abominable subject, but to frail human nature how irresistible! No murder trial is so fascinating as a case of poisoning, for in no other cause of death is criminality so difficult to determine. The possibilities of doubt and of error open up endless avenues of speculation, and no witness has ever seen the fatal dose administered to the victim.

In addition, murder by poison is associated with a perverse romanticism: it conjures up the images of strangely accomplished sinners all down the ages—Nero, the Borgias, Mme. de Brinvilliers, the Neapolitan hag Toffania, the elusive artist Mr. Thomas Wainewright—who had the luck never to be charged with his major offence and even to escape hanging for forgery at a time when forgery was a hanging matter—down to the wholesale dealer, Palmer, and more recent practitioners whose exploits, but for an accident of time, would have won them a critical appraisal of their skill and a place in De Quincey's "gallery of murderers."

In ancient history, the poisoning of the young Britannicus is easily first for romantically dramatic setting and for devilish ingenuity. The scene of the Neronian banquet, the beautiful victim's song, the too-warm but innocuous wine offered to him, his call for water to cool it, and his mysterious death agony immediately following the draught, provide all the elements of pity and terror. And the explanation makes the incident a "Tale with a Sting." The theory of epilepsy deceives nobody. The hand of Locusta, the lady expert who managed these little matters for Nero, is to be detected in the cooling water.

The poison trial, considered by itself, is fascinating enough, but the subject gains in interest when not one but several instances are examined collectively. This has been done by Mr. Harold Eaton in "FAMOUS POISON TRAILS" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), quite a little book as books go, but full of matter. He considers five notorious criminals. His chapter headings, named for the five separate poisons employed, Aconitine, Antimony, Arsenic, Hyoscin, and Strychnine, will pretty readily suggest the names of at least three of the murderers to those who are curious in such gruesome chapters of the Newgate Calendar.

Mr. Eaton's study leads him to find a uniform process in the mentality of his poisoners except Palmer—

Each must have appreciated that he would derive some great advantage from the death of his victim: each must have hoped for that death, have been ashamed of his hopes, have abandoned them, have readopted them: to each must have come this idea of poison, first, probably, as something rather amusing, later as something that might provide a solution of the difficulty; each must have revised some scheme, half-seriously, half-jokingly, have seen the flaws in it, have developed it, have improved it; each must have bought poison, have hesitated, have tried perhaps some half-hearted experiment and have thanked God when it failed. And yet having gone so far could he halt now? This was squeamish, cowardly; it only needed determination to succeed. And so with the resolution born of irresolution, and with a mind innocent alike of mercy and fear, each must have taken that final step which led to his goal—and to the gallows.

With the exception of Seddon, all Mr. Eaton's awful examples were men of considerable accomplishment, and in some cases even great charm of manner. He does not include the most charming of all, Thomas Wainewright, for the very good reason that he was never brought to trial on the capital charge; but Palmer, Lamson, Pritchard, and Crippen were agreeable fellows enough, apart from their little obliquity in chemical experiments. Of the same kidney was Chantrelle, whose earlier portraits show a singularly beautiful and refined type of man. Yet in his case the post-mortem phrenological examination

showed that his apparent benevolence would be merely the disguise of artifice under the influence of powerful secretiveness or fox-like strategy. His (reputed) organs of Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, Combative-ness, and Destructiveness were of extraordinary size and vigour. One hopes the phrenologist was unbiased, but it is difficult to accept in blind faith the report of a dubious science upon a subject whose offences already smelt to heaven.

Palmer, Mr. Eaton notes, stands alone. He had no hesitations, but frankly and with incredible effrontery adopted murder by poison as a means of livelihood. He seems to be the exception to prove the rule laid down by Mr. Clarence Darrow in his recent work, "CRIME, ITS CAUSE AND TREATMENT" (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). "Murder, of course," says Mr. Darrow, "is never a profession. In a broad way it is the result of accident or passion, or of relations which are hard to endure."

Into Mr. Palmer's case accident or passion does not enter, and his relations (not quite in Mr. Darrow's sense) only became unendurable when "the Prince of Poisoners" had insured their lives for huge sums. Mr. Eaton's condensed narrative gives a very complete picture of this unrivalled artist in strychnine, but those who desire to read the last details and to watch the full process of law should consult the Palmer volume in the "Notable Trials Series" (Hodge; 10s. 6d.). "That strange spirit," Mr. Eaton concludes, "can find neither apologist nor interpreter. His deeds have earned for him the title of Prince of Poisoners; it is to be hoped that there will be no pretenders to that throne."

Probably his supremacy is unassailable, but in number of victims and length of trial, as the editor of a recent volume of the "Notable Trials" pointed out, the late ablationary Mr. Smith ran Palmer a good second. And in point of numbers slain, Palmer must be almost sure of the palm, for there is a strong presumption that all his notable acts were not brought to light. If it be true, as Henry Fielding says in "Jonathan Wild," that a man's "greatness" seems to depend on his homicidal capacity, Palmer is certainly well up on the green. Legend, however, credits Toffania with six hundred victims.

That quotation from Fielding has been used very neatly with reference to Napoleon in a new book of essays, "POST MORTEM," by the

eminent Australian physician, Dr. C. MacLaurin (Cape; 7s. 6d.). It is scarcely a book for everybody, but medical men, at least, will not boggle at its frankness, and even the layman can enjoy the sly humour with which the author handles literary and historical subjects from the doctor's point of view. Such a phrase as "Considering the by no means holy living of Mr. Pepys" is a fair example of Dr. MacLaurin's lighter touch in literary allusion. I had not hitherto connected the Diarist, even remotely, with Jeremy Taylor, and I found the combination refreshing.

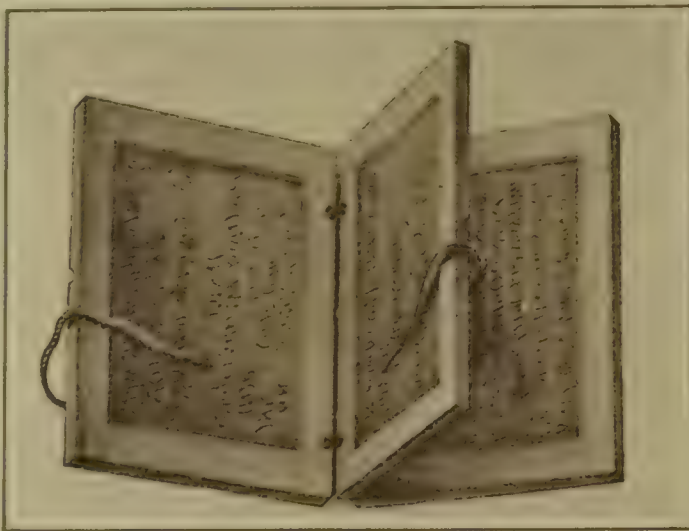
Another suggestion of Dr. MacLaurin's comes very pat on the foregoing criminological meditations. It is so tempting a theme for an essay that one wonders it has not been seized on long ago. The connection is not primarily criminological, as it happens; the doctor's reference is to Mr. Pepys's being trussed up with ropes to keep him quiet under that famous operation he underwent for the stone on a day he ever afterwards kept sacred. The rope as a substitute for anaesthetics is a new and valuable medical gloss on the incident. In the end, however, we come very comfortably to the gallows—

What a piece of work [exclaims Dr. MacLaurin] is the Rope! How perfect in all its works—from the Pyramids—built with the Rope and Stick—to the execution of the latest murderer! One might write pages on the influence of the Rope on human progress.

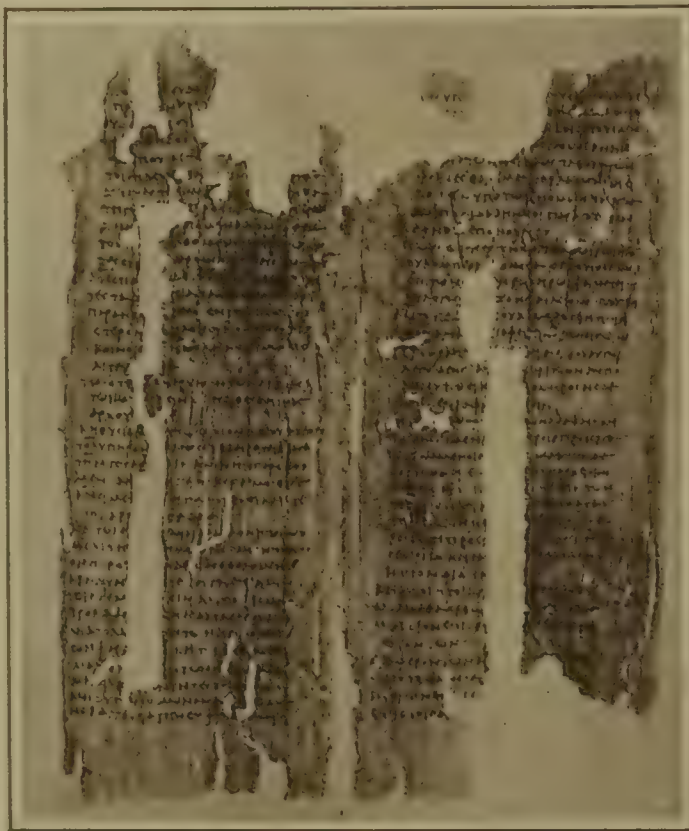
And there is an essay fitted! Where is the Elia who shall write it? Possibly Mr. Belloc, who performs excellently "On a Piece of Rope," in "ON" (Methuen; 6s.)

La Pucelle will always, perhaps, remain a "puzzle" (as in Shakespeare's bad pun), but there is small help in Dr. MacLaurin's very modern explanation of Jeanne d'Arc's Voices—"repression of the sex-complex." Just as the West was "ruined by Chinese cheap labour," psychology, and perhaps literature itself, seems likely to be ruined by this Freudian obsession. It may be the basis of everything, but, until further proof appears, one takes leave to doubt its paramount influence, and to believe humbly that there are other "springs and guides" (or misleaders) of mental action.

Lang came very near a solution, I think, when he connected Jeanne's visions and voices with the momentary visions which are seen with shut eyes between waking and sleeping. The thing is common enough, and is sometimes, *experio crede*, accompanied by voices clearly heard and articulate. These phenomena point to the existence of almost wholly submerged potentialities even in everyday minds. Therefore, said Lang, people who own such minds, the vast majority of mankind, ought not to make themselves the measure of the potentialities of minds of a rarer class, say that of Jeanne d'Arc. The secret of natures like hers cannot be discovered by scientific men incapable even of ordinary "visualising." Dr. MacLaurin's human sympathy with Jeanne brings him now and then very near to a saving vision, but he is betrayed by his preoccupation with physical questions. This is a matter for regret.



USED BY A POMPEIAN BANKER 1800 YEARS AGO: A TYPICAL TABLET-CODEX RECENTLY FOUND AT POMPEII, OF A KIND SUGGESTING A MECHANICAL EXPLANATION OF SOME GOSPEL DISCREPANCIES.



TYPICAL OF THE FRAGMENTARY STATE OF MANY ANCIENT MSS., WHICH MAY EXPLAIN GOSPEL DISCREPANCIES: A PAPYRUS MS. OF A COMMENTARY ON THUCYDIDES (2ND CENTURY A.D.).

"From the ruins of Pompeii," says a writer in the "Scientific American" for last month, "have been brought to light business documents in tablet-codex form. Some had three leaves of wood. Pages 1, 4 and 6 were left uninscribed. Pages 2, 3 and 5 had a sunk space for inscriptions... made on dark wax... It is reasonable to suppose that in the 1st Century men produced the Gospels in the form of a tablet-codex of papyrus or parchment... further, that in making up rolls of either material, small sheets were often inscribed in advance of being glued... (There was) a tendency of leaves to come loose, and of rolls to break transversely... It is conceived that in some early copy of Mark, the first third broke up into fragments. When the repair was made, the original order was lost, through lack of pagination and of other copies." This, he suggests, may explain discrepancies between St. Mark and St. Matthew, and other cases of divergence in ancient MSS.—[By Courtesy of the "Scientific American."]

SALMON-FISHING TO WIRELESS MUSIC: A "CAST" AND A "BROADCAST."

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.



HOW ONE MIGHT LISTEN TO THE SONG OF THE RHINE MAIDENS WHILE PLAYING A WYE SALMON! SPORT WITH ROD AND LINE ENLIVENED BY BROADCAST MUSIC FROM AN AERIAL SLUNG FROM TREE TO CAR.

The ubiquity of broadcast music is well exemplified in our illustration. It shows a car fitted with a receiving-apparatus, to which is connected an aerial suspended from an adjacent tree, and a loud speaker on the roof to emit the sound. The car is drawn up by the bank of a river, and the fishing party proceed with their sport while listening to music conveyed by air waves from the nearest broadcasting station. Practically the whole country is now covered by the system, for

there are broadcasting stations not only in London, but in Glasgow, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, and Cardiff. Truly the music-lover of to-day can have "music wherever he goes," and even while he is going there, for (as illustrated in our issue of March 10) a broadcast concert can be enjoyed in an express train. The same thing applies to travel by motor-car or aeroplane, as mentioned in the "Radio Notes" of our last number.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

X.—MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

WHEN history comes, as they say, to be written instead of being merely made by persons who have not read any, there will be something quite interesting to say about English politics. That, of course, is no guarantee that the historians will say it, because great topics have an unfailing attraction for small writers. The career of Napoleon is the chosen playground of mediocrities; his elder sister, the French Revolution, has been as unfortunate in her biographers as the rest of the family; and there is no particular reason why posterity should allot us a more inspiring interpreter. But if only the poor fellow could grasp the points, we should make very lively reading.

Politics since 1900 have been the British substitute for a revolution. There is a shrewd saying somewhere in the scattered wisdom of Mr. G. K. Chesterton that the greatest historical event of the Nineteenth Century was the English Revolution which omitted to take place between the years 1829 and 1832. One may add, without discourtesy, that his greatest historical work is the one which he has omitted to write about it. There, at any rate, in the years between Waterloo and the Reform Bill, was a corner which Great Britain managed to turn by political teamwork, whilst almost every Continental contemporary preferred to swing round it on one wheel in the sharp movement of a revolution. There was some jolting, a little cracking of the whip, a faint apprehension among the more nervous passengers. But they managed somehow to prevent the leaders from kicking over the traces and to keep the vehicle on the road with King William on top of it; and the old gentlemen in the rumble continued to talk politics, whilst their neighbours on the Continent were talking barricades. It was unheroic; it was almost dull. But it was a method by which England managed to transform itself without the more dramatic cut and thrust of a revolution.

That, or something like it, has once again been the course of English politics in more recent times; and the historian will have much the same story to tell of Mr. Asquith and his sprightlier contemporaries as he had about Lord Grey and the men of the first Reform Bill. There is once more the slow drift of parties, the eddy of personalities which took the British Empire and its mixed cargo out of the world revolution of 19 . . . one forgets the date. The story is queer and crowded and full of earnest gentlemen in pince-nez. One can see the odd transformation of the Victorian scene which followed the Boer War, the marshalling of the new forces in the wings as Mr. Balfour lounged in the centre of the stage, and then the slow surge of the crowds which filled the scene and elbowed the principals off the boards. One hopes that the ending, when it comes, will be a happy ending. But it is a strange story.

Unhappily for our pride, perhaps, we shall never read it, because it is a dismal convention that history is never written until it is not worth reading. Most of us were taught at school that the story of mankind ended in the year 1832. A younger and more adventurous generation may have penetrated the jungle as far as 1886. It is even conceivable that in some of the more daring Infant Schools they have reached the accession of King Edward VII. But contemporary history will not be written until we are all past reading, and by a pleasing and recurrent irony it will be completely wasted on the generation which is privileged to study it. Patient researches will excavate all the mysteries that excite our wildest conjectures. The soul of Mr. Z, the secret motives of Sir W. V., the eternal riddle of Lord Y., will be laid bare before a roomful of bored students; and our masters will be eviscerated in an empty operating theatre. The cornucopia of history will pour revelations in more than Raskolnikovian profusion before our dull-eyed descendants; and a languid posterity will turn an apathetic stare on the true story of Mr. Lloyd

George. They will find Mr. Churchill and his Bolsheviks as dreary as King Alfred and the cakes; and aspirants to the doctorates of universities as yet undreamt of will present theses on the British Labour movement. One hastens, with the true humility of a mere contemporary, to submit a few notes for their guidance.

The movement (one shrinks from the admission in a study of its titular leader) is more remarkable for its facts than for its figures. There is something impressive in the evolution of British Socialism from an imported fad with a slightly German accent into the accepted doctrine of organised Labour; and the rapid expansion of the party, which once was almost covered by the brim of Mr. John Burns's straw hat, is a solid and significant fact. But in its progress through Terror (as Mr. Lloyd George used to say) to Triumph it has been strikingly unproductive of those figures by which Englishmen love to identify their political parties. In the days when Mr. Gladstone wore a collar and Lord Beaconsfield a forelock, it was so easy to be either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative. But Labour has been singularly

But Mr. MacDonald's leadership is more significant than that. He represents with rare completeness the articulate element of the Labour movement. Every party consists of a head and a tail, and it is almost always the head that does the talking. But in Labour there is a sharper contrast than elsewhere between the little sentient, speaking group at the top and the vast, unapproachable, inarticulate mass that votes by the hundred-thousand at card-votes in Trade Union Congresses. The head so manifestly, even a shade pretentiously, cerebrates; and the remainder of the party acquiesces with amazing completeness in the humbler functions of the body. Mr. Clynes and, before him, Mr. Henderson were vaguely typical of the body of the party. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald represents the head. It is a quarter from which few political parties have chosen their leaders since the Country Party acquiesced helplessly in Mr. Disraeli.

There has always been a faint touch of arrogance about Labour thought, a tendency in its leading thinkers to reply to argument with the superior snigger of the man who knows better. Perhaps they learned it at the Fabian Society. Conceivably it is

a distant echo of the titter with which Mr. Bernard Shaw answers the riddle of the universe. But it is an unfortunate mannerism in statesmen. Long practice in the character of a disillusioned minority has impaired the charm of their expressions; they have sat for too long with curling lips, listening to the bandied futilities of effete and competing Capitalist disputants, to confront their future as national leaders with the open brow and the level eye of assured authority. There is an irritating tendency (one has seen it in the early history of most parties) to assume that decent motives and common intelligence reside solely within their own ranks. Suspicious of monopolies, they cherish a belief in their own monopoly of common-sense; and sometimes it takes the more fantastic form of an almost Islamic fanaticism, a hastily muttered creed that there is one economic way of salvation and one Prophet.

In the superior hierarchy of the faith, somewhere between the persistent cerebration of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb and the hoarse-voiced idealism of the *Daily Herald*, Mr. Ramsay

MacDonald has for long occupied an honourable position. His powers of speech endeared him to the dark masses of the rank and file to an extent unattainable by the busy type-writers of the Intellectuals; whilst a steady stream of little textbooks on Socialism demonstrated that he also was among the prophets. A visit to India was followed, as it so often is, by a complete grasp of Indian problems; and Mr. MacDonald added to the widening circle of his admirers that curious group of inverted Jingoists for whom the British Empire is a place upon which the sun is perpetually setting, and no Englishman, if he has committed the supreme indiscretion of entering the service of his country, can do right. The war added a more questionable contribution to his record, although it afforded to him (as to so many others in humbler but perhaps more useful capacities) the opportunity for a demonstration of high courage.

Himself a queer blend of conflicting elements, he is an apt leader of a party which is as fascinating an amalgam as Burke's tessellated pavement. He brings to the work a sense of dignity; and one can only hope that he will succeed in imparting to his friends a sense of proportion. One can never forget that, when a caricaturist of genius committed the supreme offence of depicting the Labour Party more as a human—all too human—being with a rather unsatisfactory moustache, than as a young man or woman of divine beauty and superhuman size, the *Daily Herald* charged him with bad taste, and that the accused of Mr. George Lansbury was Mr. Max Beerbohm.



THE LEADER OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY AND THE OPPOSITION AS A FAMILY MAN: MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD WITH HIS DAUGHTERS IN HIS HOME AT HAMPSTEAD.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a widower, with two sons and three daughters. His wife, who was a daughter of the late Dr. J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S., died in 1911. With him in the above photograph are seen (from left to right) the Misses Sheila, Joan, and Ishbel MacDonald.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

sparing of such meretricious aids to the national memory. Refusing resolutely to be identified with the personal characteristics of Mr. Keir Hardie, it appears ever since to have selected its leaders according to their lack of idiosyncrasies. Inconspicuousness, in one quarter of the House at least, seems to have been elevated into a political virtue. Whilst the Unionists chose a leader because he wore an eyeglass with hereditary aptitude, and Liberal statesmen vied with one another in the wild exuberance of their Gladstonian coiffure, Labour remained faithful to the less adventurous charms of Mr. Henderson and Mr. Clynes. Other parties might seek figureheads in the rich pictorial manner of Sir John Tenniel and F.C.G. But Labour, so far as one can judge by results, has set its heart on a Front Bench designed by the sober pencil of Mr. George Morrow.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a brave continuation of this austere tradition. In a party which abounds in rich curves and sudden contrasts of emotion (and even of colour) he presents a plain rectangular appearance, a warning, it may be, to the more rococo figures to which other parties have vowed allegiance. Mr. H. G. Wells somewhere denounced the politics of the Nineteenth Century as a sort of procession of big-heads from a pantomime, and rejoiced over the disappearance of the big figy. Perhaps we are arriving slowly at an age of pure reason, when the public will be equal to distinguishing the rival leaders of political thought by their ideas without relying, as at present it has come to rely almost entirely, on the competing achievements of their barbers and their tailors.

LABOUR'S FIRST OPPOSITION LEADER: A POWER IN PARLIAMENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER SCOTT.



CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOUR PARTY AND LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION: MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

The fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald recently dined with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace was denounced by some of the extremists. Twenty-five Scottish Labour Members issued a statement that they did not intend to accept royal invitations, or to attend "plutocrat dinner parties." On the other hand, the Chairman of the Scottish group, Mr. John Robertson, said they had no objection to Mr. MacDonald, as Leader of the Opposition, dining at Buckingham Palace. Mr. MacDonald himself is a strong Constitutionalist, as well as an adept in Parliamentary procedure. He

was born at Lossiemouth in 1866, and has been connected with the Labour Party since he became its Secretary in 1900. In 1906 he became Chairman of the I.L.P., and from that year to 1918 he was M.P. for Leicester, but lost his seat through his Pacifism in the war. In 1921 he was again rejected at Woolwich, but has since been returned for Aberavon. He is a man of handsome presence, a fine orator, and author of many books on political and social questions both at home and in India, which he has visited. He has also travelled much elsewhere.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MAMMALS OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

THE animal life of the Far North depends fundamentally on two things—the abundance of minute organisms in the icy waters, and the abundance of a stunted but hardy type of vegetation on the Barren Grounds or Tundra, north of the great forests. Let us take the marine mammals first.

Nutritive Chains. Very characteristic of the shore waters is the walrus, which feeds largely on bivalve molluscs dug up from near shore. But these molluscs depend on minute crustaceans and smaller creatures still which abound in the mud. The Polar bear often devours a seal which it may capture when it comes up to breathe at a hole in the ice; the seal feeds on fishes; the fishes depend on the exceedingly abundant crustaceans; and these, again, find their food-supply in the millions of microscopic plants and animals that people the surface waters. In short, there are *nutritive chains*, sometimes long, sometimes short, which usually end in microscopic marine plants like diatoms. The chain ends there or begins there because all green plants, whatever be their size, are able to live on inorganic materials—air, water, and salts. It is the first link in the nutritive chain that counts for most.

In some places there are abundant seaweeds, and these afford pasturage for many animals such as sea-urchins; while the debris or plant-dust sinks downwards and outwards to enrich the mud on the floor of the sea. Another point of importance is that the icebergs, breaking off from the sea-end of glaciers, often carry much rock-waste, which adds to the depth of the mud. In the summer there are similar contributions of great magnitude from the turbid glacier-rivers. What forms fertile alluvium on an inland plain—at the foot of the Alps, let us say—becomes in Arctic regions the soil of the sea.

The Multitudinous Minutiae of the Sea.

The question rises why there should be such prodigious abundance of minute organisms in the surface waters of northern regions, for it is far richer than at the Equator. The late Sir John Murray used to say that no one with a boat and a tow-net need starve in northern waters, for in a short time it is easy to catch a substantial meal of small crustaceans. These little creatures, distantly related to shrimps, are highly nutritious, and their bodies contain a considerable proportion of oil, which is very useful as part of man's diet in very cold surroundings. Besides small crustaceans, the cold waters contain abundant free-swimming molluscs, notably the "sea-butterflies" that form a great part of the food of whalebone whales. There are many other minute swimmers and drifters of great practical importance to man because they have made the northern fisheries so successful; but the fundamentally important fact is the inconceivable, though not incalculable, abundance of minute green plants that form the "floating sea-meadows." And along with the microscopic green plants we must include certain minute animals, like the peridinids, which have gained possession of the characteristic plant pigment, chlorophyll, and are thus able to feed as green plants do—on air, water, and salts.

Thus the question comes to be this: Why should the number of individuals of a given species of diatom or peridinid be greater in the colder than in the warmer waters? The probable answer is that the low temperature slows down the vital processes so that the tenure of life is lengthened, and thus there

are more generations living at the same time than are found in warmer waters where the rate of metabolism is greater and the length of life shorter. In any case, the fact is that, while there are more kinds of peridinids, for instance, in the southern waters, the number of individuals is far greater in the north.

The Walrus. Quaintest of circumpolar mammals is the huge walrus, a carnivore of the web-footed seal tribe. It used to appear occasionally on the Scottish coasts, but has not been known to do so since the middle of the nineteenth century. This is an index of the extreme persecution to which the walrus has been subjected; and we read that in one year (1870) the American whaling fleet destroyed no fewer than fifty thousand. No highly evolved animal can stand up against such thinning, and the walrus is becoming ever scarcer. Its body yields some twenty gallons of oil, and man's

impart a forward impulse; as the head tumbles prone again, a forward jerk comes from the hind-legs and tail, which are afterwards raised off the ground for a brief moment. There is no wriggling. It looks like a succession of tumbles, the front part and the hind part of the seal being alternately off and on the ground. But this awkwardness on land has its antithesis in the perfection of the seal's swimming and diving. The young are born on land, and we get a hint of the comparative recentness of the aquatic habit in the fact that the young of some species seem to be rather averse from taking the first plunge and have to be taught to swim.

The Polar Bear. The late Dr. W. S. Bruce, of the *Scotia*, who knew both Arctic and Antarctic regions so intimately, used to insist that the polar bear was not a terrestrial but a marine mammal, as its name *Ursus maritimus* suggests. For it spends much of its time in the water—swimming

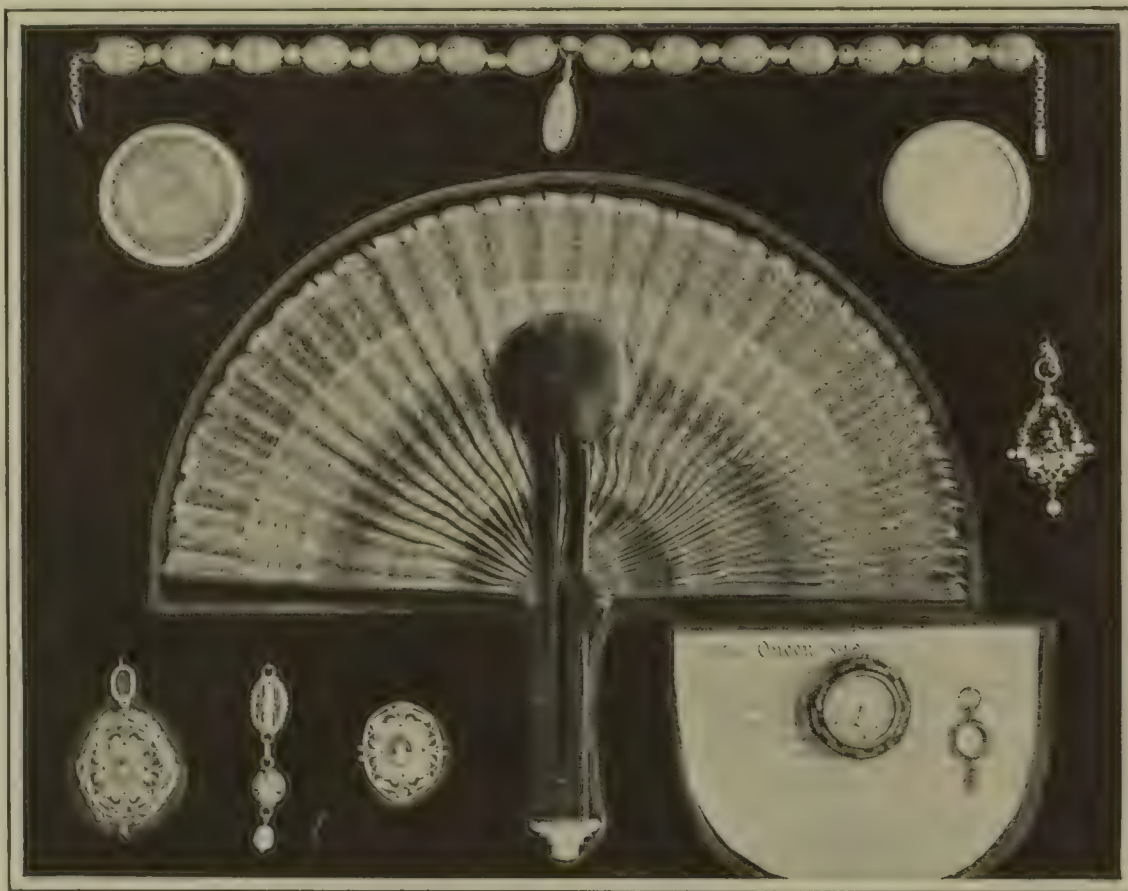
for miles—or on the sea-ice. Its coat is white in the winter, but verges to brownish-yellow in the summer. Yet the colour-change does not make the creature conspicuous, for it harmonises with the patches of ice that are deeply stained with diatoms. Novices often discover polar bears where there is only "yellow ice," or fail to detect the polar bear because it is lost among the diatoms!

The polar bear is usually a solitary, though a mother may be seen wandering about with her cub or two cubs. There is no hibernation, but shelters may be made in the snow and ice when the weather is very bad, or when the young ones are about to be born. To judge by its sniffing, smell is its most important sense. The chief food is seal, and the victim is usually caught when it comes up at a breathing-hole. Dr. Bruce writes: "A bear has been seen lying stretched on its belly at the edge of a floe, watching intently the water till a floe-rat (*Phoca fatida*) coming to the surface has put his head out for a breath and look-out: no sooner had the seal's head appeared than one fell stroke

with the heavy paw of the bear landed its prey, stunned, on to the ice." A hungry bear will eat anything—grass, paper, rope, mackintosh sheeting, canvas, pebbles, anything—but its staple food is seal.

Arctic Whales. Just as there are many seals, so there are many cetaceans in the northern waters. Absolutely confined to the Arctic Ocean, but dwindling rapidly in numbers, is the huge Greenland whale, from 50 to 70 feet in length, which feeds delicately on the teeming multitudes of pelagic crustaceans and molluscs, caught and strained off on the frayed edges of the baleen-plates and left stranded on the tongue. Very striking is the white whale, or beluga, with a cream-coloured skin, a cetacean about 10 feet long, that skirts the Arctic shores and ascends the rivers in pursuit of salmon and other fishes. A rather interesting point is that the young belugas are blackish, and only become white as they grow up. Related to the white whale is the sailor's "unicorn," or narwhal, also circumpolar. It is famous because of the reduction of the teeth to one—the long, spirally twisted tusk of the male, in rare cases double. It is rudimentary in the female; it may be seven or eight feet long in the male! But the use of it seems very uncertain.

Seals. The evolutionary transformation has gone further in seals than in the walrus, for the hind legs are turned backwards and connected with the short tail, to form a powerful propeller. As the hind-legs cannot be used for terrestrial locomotion, the seal is at a great disadvantage when out of water, and its awkwardness is often its undoing. The movements seen on a sandbank are rather complex: the fore-limbs are used to lift the front of the body off the ground and to



SAVED FOR SCOTLAND WITH THE HELP OF ROYAL CONTRIBUTIONS:
PERSONAL RELICS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The King and Queen gave £50 each, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York also contributed, towards the fund raised by Dr. Walter Seton to acquire, as a national possession for Scotland, the personal relics of Mary Queen of Scots, which were sold by auction in London on March 22. The effort was successful as regards Sir George Clerk's collection, including a tortoise-shell fan, gold necklace, pendants, and medal (top left, above) struck to celebrate Mary's betrothal to Darnley in 1565. These relics, which came to Sir George's family direct through one of the Queen's ladies, were bought by Messrs. Spink and Son for Dr. Seton on behalf of the subscribers.

discovery of this oiliness is hastening the massive creature to its doom. What was primarily of survival-value in the icy water has proved a curse. There is also commercial value in the skin and in the ivory of the teeth.

The walrus is a bulky animal, ten or eleven feet in length. It is able, like the eared seals, to turn its hind legs forwards, so that they can be used in locomotion on land, or on the floating ice-floe. Very striking are the upper canines, which form huge tusks that are used in digging up bivalves for food and in clambering on to the ice. While bivalves seem to form the staple food, the walrus will also utilise fishes, swimming birds, and even seals. As in the case of seals, a good deal of time is spent out of the water, and the young are always born on land.

A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR AS "MOUSER": THE "CAT" OF A MEXICAN HOTEL.

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NURSING THE "HOUSE CAT" OF AN HOTEL AT MAZATLAN, IN MEXICO: A NATIVE CARRYING A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND HOLDING IT BY THE NECK AND TAIL.

"In Mexico" (to quote a note supplied with this interesting photograph), "one takes certain things for granted. Boa-constrictors are far better mousers than are cats, even if the boas did not invariably eat the cats when the two are in competition! Therefore, one obtains a boa for a mouser, if one is in a boa-constructor country, and thinks no more about it. They are docile and harmless, but do not enjoy being handled, even if they do not resent it." In the "Royal Natural History," we read: "The common boa, or boa-constructor . . . at times reaches 12 ft. in length. . . . Feeding generally on such mammals as agutis,

pacas, rats, and mice, which are destroyed in the manner from whence is derived its name, the boa, when it attains unusually large dimensions, is also capable of killing deer and large dogs; while it is always ready for such birds as it can capture, and does not disdain, when in captivity, a meal of eggs. The stories of its killing adult human beings and horses are, however, mere fabrications. . . . In eastern South America, the flesh of the boa is regarded as a most dainty dish, while its fat is reputed to be highly efficacious in the healing of various diseases. The skin is used to ornament saddles and bridles, and for other decorative purposes."



A LINER "LIKE A GRAND HOTEL" AND A TRAMP STEAMER "LEAKING LIKE A LOBSTER POT": LUXURY AND MISERY—A CONTRAST AT SEA DURING WINTER GALES.

Gales at sea have been severe this winter, affecting in different degrees all "those that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters." While there has been no great disaster, the papers have teemed with little paragraphs describing wrecks of humbler craft, gallant rescues, and the obscure fate of sailor folk who never came home. It makes all the difference what kind of a vessel one is in during an ocean storm. Contrasting the experiences of a big liner, whose captain declared recent, that he had known no worse weather in thirty years of seafaring, with those of a small clipper rounding the Horn, a writer who

was in the latter craft says: "A great storm in the western ocean? Yes, but did they lock down at those giant waves, or up?" In the above picture, Mr. Charles Pears, the well-known marine artist, illustrates very vividly a similar contrast between a liner and a "tramp" cargo-steamer. "The incident," he writes, "was inspired by Kipling's 'Ballad of the Eolivar' (in 'Barrack-Room Ballads'), and is described by the lines—'Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell. . . . Some d—d liner's lights go by like a grand hotel.' The whole poem should be read to appreciate the significance of the scene."

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES PEARS, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)

THE FIRST GRAND NATIONAL FOR AN AMERICAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



RIDDEN TO VICTORY IN FINE STYLE BY CAPTAIN BENNET FOR HIS YOUNG AMERICAN OWNER, MR. S. SANFORD:
SERGEANT MURPHY (ON LEFT) LEADING AT BECHER'S BROOK THE SECOND TIME ROUND.

OWNER: A GREAT RACE WON BY THE OLDEST HORSE.

SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.B.



NOT TOO OLD AT THIRTEEN TO WIN THE GRAND NATIONAL: SERGEANT MURPHY (NO. 10, ON THE LEFT), WHO TOOK THE LEAD
IN THE SECOND ROUND AND KEPT IT TO THE END, CLEARING THE FIRST FENCE.



THE WINNER AND THE HORSE THAT TOOK THIRD PLACE: SERGEANT MURPHY (ON THE LEFT) LEADING, AND MAJOR DEWHURST'S
CONJUROR II. (MR. P. DEWHURST UP) AT THE CANAL TURN.

This year's Grand National, run at Aintree, on March 23, before the King, the Prince of Wales, and Prince George, was one of the finest races in the annals of the event. It was notable, for one thing, as a triumph for the veterans. Sergeant Murphy, the winner, is aged thirteen, and was the oldest of the 28 starters, of whom only 12 took the water jump, and only seven completed the course. Shaun Spadah, who finished second, beaten by three lengths, is also an old horse, who won the Grand National in 1921. This year he carried top weight, and conceded 18 lb. to Sergeant Murphy. Third place was taken by Conjuror II., who came in six lengths behind Shaun Spadah. The others who finished were Punt Gun (fourth), Drifter (fifth), Max (sixth), and Cinders II.



SECOND THIS YEAR AND THE WINNER IN 1921: SIR M. McALPINE'S SHAUN SPADAH (EXTREME RIGHT—F. B. REES UP)
COMING OVER THE FENCE AT BECHER'S BROOK, WITH OTHER COMPETITORS.

(seventh). Another memorable fact about the race was that it was the first Grand National to be won by an American owner, Mr. S. Sanford, who was up at Cambridge until last year, and is a keen hunting man and polo player. His father, who is one of the leading American owners and breeders, bought Sergeant Murphy as a hunter for him in 1920 for 3000 guineas from Mr. Douglas Stuart. The horse was trained by George Blackwell, of Newmarket, where his amateur rider, Captain Bennet, practises as a veterinary surgeon. Both owner and rider were presented to the King after the race. Shaun Spadah came from the same stable (at Epsom) as Sergeant Murphy, and was sold for 1000 guineas by Mr. Douglas Stuart to Sir M. McAlpine.

STAINED WITH AGAMEMNON'S BLOOD? BRONZE DAGGERS FROM MYCENÆ.

By COURTESY OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY AT ATHENS. COPYRIGHT DRAWINGS BY PIET DE JONG, ARCHITECT TO THE SCHOOL.



RUSTED WITH THE BEAUTIFUL GREEN PATINA OF OVER 3000 YEARS: ANCIENT GREEK WEAPONS RECENTLY FOUND IN MYCENÆAN TOMBS, INCLUDING "A BRONZE DAGGER IN EXCELLENT CONDITION."

It is not asserted that any of the daggers here illustrated was the actual weapon with which Clytemnestra slew her lord, Agamemnon, in his bath. But such a suggestion would not be wholly fantastic or impossible, for the weapons were recently unearthed at Mycenæ, where that historic murder was committed, and apparently belong to about the same period (1500 to 1200 B.C.) as the so-called Tombs of Clytemnestra and her paramour, Ægisthus, at Mycenæ. These weapons came, however, from another part of the site, the newly discovered Kalkani cemetery, as mentioned by Mr. A. J. B. Wace in his article on another page. "Other treasures," he writes, "include a bronze dagger in excellent condition." Among the above objects are a wood-handled dagger (third from

left), dagger-points (on left, below), an ivory-handled knife (the long thin weapon on the right), and part of a handle (extreme right centre). An interesting account of early Greek metal-work and weapons is given in Dr. H. R. Hall's "Ancient History of the Near East." "To the introduction of metal," he says, "the whole development of prehistoric Greek culture was due," and he shows how Mycenæan art, both in metal and pottery, was derived from the earlier Ægean or Minoan civilisation of Crete. "The metal celt was soon supplemented by the short copper or bronze dagger, which was eventually to become a long sword. The spear-head soon followed, and the primitive Ægean was as well armed as the Babylonian, and better than the Egyptian, of his time."

MYCENAE IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TIME: BRITISH EXCAVATIONS.

By Alan J. B. Wace, M.A., Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens.

THE British School at Athens in its third campaign of excavation at Mycenæ has been most successful. The palace on the summit of the Citadel has been re-examined and fully planned, with the result that

Other work included the excavation of the fort or signal station on the summit of Mount Hagios Elias (2500 feet), whence the news of the fall of Troy might have been flashed by fire-signal to Mycenæ below; and the excavation of a series of tombs in the newly discovered Kalkani cemetery.

These tombs proved exceptionally rich, and, as they were all family tombs, had been in use for a long period. In one tomb, No. 529, over eighteen interments were found, dating from just before 1500 B.C. to 1300 B.C., or even later. This proves the continuous development of the Mycenaean civilisation.

One remarkable fact is that the later members of the family, in burying their own dead, seemed to have had no scruples in sweeping aside, or even throwing outside, the bones and other relics of the earlier interments, and removing any valuables of their ancestors' which took their fancy. This accounts for the scarcity

series of vases, many of them copies in clay of metal originals. There was a splendid string of over 120 amber beads, including a very rare one engraved with the representation of a bull. Some small pieces of gold jewellery were found; a pomegranate bud pendant with delicate granulated work; a bead in the form of a chrysalis; and a gold ring. Six engraved seal stones—one with a very spirited bull-fighting scene, another with a wounded lion biting at a dart buried in its side, a third with a Mycenaean helmet, and three others showing representations of birds and a bull—besides other treasures, including a bronze dagger in excellent condition, and many fragments of ivory inlay from a wooden casket, were unearthed here.

Tomb 529 produced some fine vases, including an octopus jar, which is already famous (illustrated on our double-page), and a few small pieces of jewellery.

Tomb 515 gave five magnificent seal stones of the first class, and over a hundred embossed gold rosettes which had once adorned the grave-clothes.

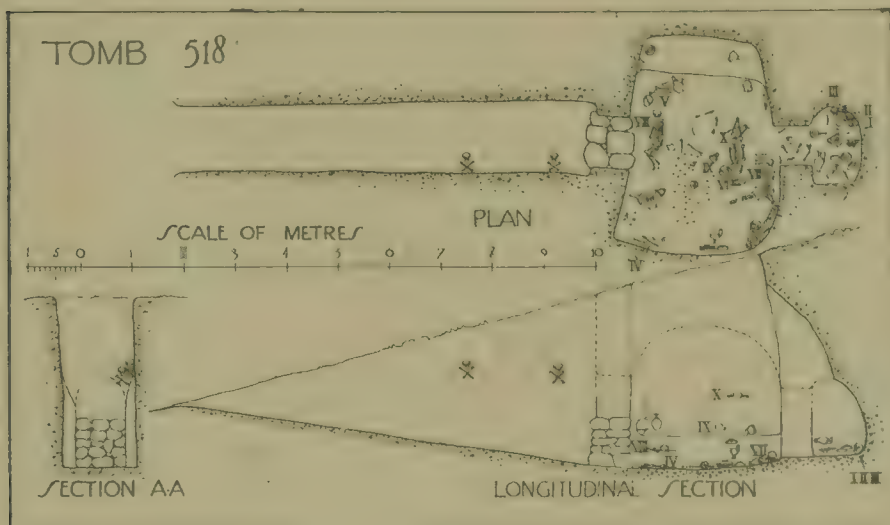
Tomb 520 yielded a superb gold ring with a most delicate and lifelike representation of two wild goats, heraldically confronted; and the ivory lid with an intricate rosette design from a lady's toilet or powder-box; and Tomb 521 a very curious vase, with a unique and quaint design of animal figures, which may have a mythological significance and looks like a rude representation of a Zodiac.

Tomb 526 yielded two Egyptian scarabs of the Eighteenth Dynasty, which confirms the dating of the tombs already determined independently from other sources—perhaps the tomb of Tutankhamen will correspondingly yield some Mycenaean objects, which will give us yet another link in the chronological chain.

Lastly, Tomb 523 (1350 to 1250 B.C.) produced a Hittite seal stone in steatite—the first Hittite object found in Greece. This shows that there was contact between Mycenæ and the great civilisation of Asia Minor, and is one more piece of evidence that Homer's "Tale of Troy" was based on historical fact.

Further scientific and patient exploration of the ruins and tombs of Mycenæ, a site that is far from exhausted—the true archaeologist never regards an excavated site as worked out, for the trained eye can always read new history in its remains—will undoubtedly produce similar results of great historical importance. Though the British School at Athens is now leaving Mycenæ for another site, it is to be hoped that British enterprise will carry on the good work; for, as Schliemann recorded in his note-book in the enthusiasm of his amazing discoveries, "I can

imagine nothing sweeter than to excavate Mycenæ, where every potsherd is a new page of history."

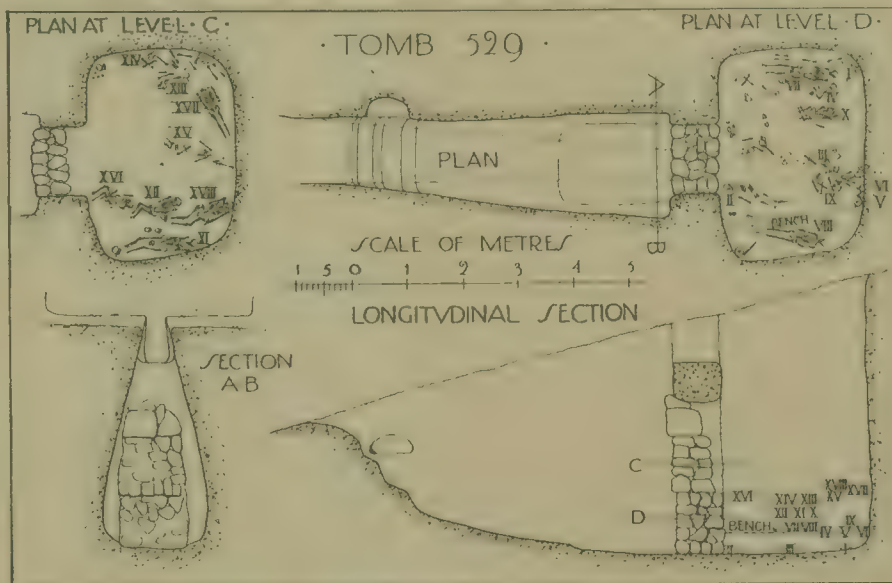


WHERE "A MAGNIFICENT SERIES OF VASES" AND OTHER OBJECTS WERE FOUND: GROUND AND SECTION PLANS OF TOMB 518, WITH ITS INNER CHARNE CHAMBER.

it now appears, in spite of the heavy destruction it has undergone, to have been a large building with several storeys. From the south it is approached by a grand staircase, which was lit by a window had two flights and three landings, and led up into an ante-chamber. Thence one could approach either the audience chamber (Room of the Throne) or go straight into the courtyard before the Great Hall. There was another entrance to the north-west, where there was a propylon flanked by a guard-room. This second entrance seems to have led more directly to the store-chambers and the private apartments, among which a tank-bath, lined with red stucco, was discovered. Local rumour already declares this to be the scene of the murder of Agamemnon. This palace, built about 1400 B.C.—probably by the king who re-founded Mycenæ, built the Lion Gate and the Cyclopean walls, and perhaps, also, the great domed tomb known as the Treasury of Atreus, for himself and his family—lies above the scanty remains of a still earlier palace. This latter was probably the residence of the earlier line of kings, called the Shaft-Grave Dynasty (about 1600 to 1500 B.C.), whose tombs were found by Schliemann in 1876. The later race of kings, the Tholos Tomb Dynasty (1500 to 1200 B.C.), probably were buried in the big domed or Tholos Tombs, built of mighty blocks of stone.

Nine of these tombs are known at Mycenæ, and the British School has carefully re-examined them all and prepared careful plans and photographs. One of these tombs, now christened the Tomb of Ægisthus, because it lies by the side of the Tomb of Clytemnestra, had never before been excavated. This is the largest of the first group, and probably was the tomb of one of the earlier kings of the dynasty. Its entrance passage, partly lined with rubble masonry, well packed with tough yellow clay, and partly cut in rock, is over seventy feet long and fifteen feet wide, and is well over twelve feet deep at the deepest point. The doorway was originally constructed of rubble masonry, packed with yellow clay; but at a later date a new façade of ashlar, worked in soft limestone, was placed in front to make the entrance more imposing, and the joints of this masonry and the older rubble-work were covered with white stucco. The dome itself, of which the peak had collapsed long ago, though it seems to have stood till 200 B.C. at least, was over forty feet in diameter and forty in height. The stone-work of its walls was ingeniously constructed, with an elaborate system of counter-weighting and wedging the stones that inclined inwards to make the dome. This shows that even at this early date Mycenaean engineers and architects had both imagination for drawing plans and the necessary knowledge for making calculations and construction. The dome had long since been plundered, but a quantity of vase-fragments of very good quality, including fragments of a series of large jars of the palace style, were found with some scraps of gold and ivory work.

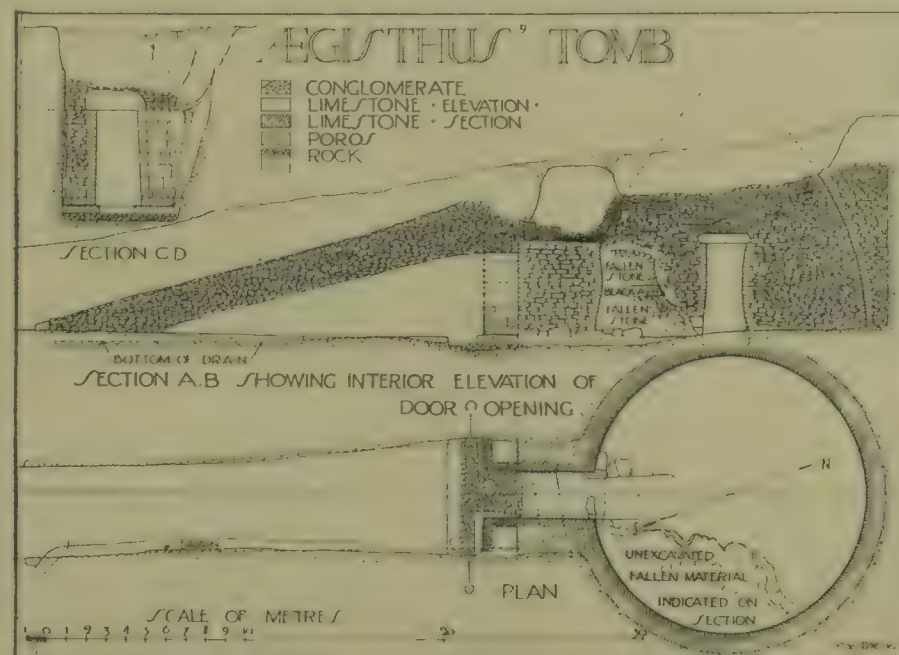
bones and other relics of the earlier interments, and removing any valuables of their ancestors' which took their fancy. This accounts for the scarcity



WHERE OVER EIGHTEEN BURIALS (FROM 1500 TO 1300 B.C.) WERE DISCOVERED: GROUND AND SECTION PLANS OF TOMB 529 IN THE KALKANI CEMETERY, MYCENÆ. The Roman numerals in the above two illustrations denote, on the ground plan, the position of objects found. The same numerals repeated on the sectional plan indicate the strata at which the same "finds" occurred.

of precious objects in the tombs. One tomb, No. 518, had two chambers, the inner a small alcove, or charnel chamber, where the remains of the earlier interments could be swept together; and an outer chamber which had a bench on one side where a lamp was found *in situ*. Probably some kind of memorial rites for the dead were held here, and there are other indications that perhaps a sort of communion with the dead did take place. These sepulchres, with their dark chambers and narrow entrance passages, were perhaps regarded as entrances to the lower world, and would be, naturally, the place which the dead might revisit. It recalls to our mind Ulysses' descent to the lower world and conversation with the dead, as told by Homer.

This tomb, No. 518, yielded a magnificent



JUST EXCAVATED AT MYCENÆ BY THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS, FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE TOMB OF ÆGISTHUS, SO CALLED AS ADJOINING THE TOMB OF CLYTEMNESTRA—SECTION AND GROUND PLANS.

By Courtesy of the British School at Athens. Copyright Drawings by Piet de Jong, Architect to the School.

MYCENÆ IN THE DAYS OF TUTANKHAMEN; AND A BEACON THAT MAY HAVE SIGNALLED THE FALL OF TROY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. A. J. B. WACE.

DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHEOLOGY AT ATHENS.



ONCE THE APPROACH TO AGAMEMNON'S THRONE ROOM: THE GREAT SOUTH STAIRWAY OF THE PALACE AT MYCENÆ—A VIEW FROM THE WEST.



NAMED AFTER CLYTEMNESTRA'S PARAMOUR: THE TOMB OF ÆGISTHUS—THE DROMOS (ENTRANCE PASSAGE).



DIGGING IN THE TOMB OF ÆGISTHUS: THE THOLOS (DOMED CHAMBER).



ILLUSTRATING THE BUILDING TECHNIQUE OF THE LATE 15TH CENTURY B.C.: THE DOOR OF THE LION TOMB AT MYCENÆ FROM WITHIN.



"ALREADY FAMOUS": A JAR FROM TOMB 529, WITH A HIGHLY REALISTIC OCTOPUS DESIGN.



SHOWING MOUNT HAGIOS ELIAS (ON THE LEFT), "WHENCE FLASHED BY FIRE-SIGNAL":



THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF TROY MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE CITADEL OF MYCENÆ.



WITH A MAN'S FIGURE INDICATING THE HEIGHT OF THE DOORWAY: THE TOMB OF ÆGISTHUS, FROM WITHIN.

At Mycenæ, the city of Agamemnon, "where" (in the words of Schliemann, quoted by Mr. A. J. B. Wace in his article on page 525) "every potsherd is a new page of history," many such pages of absorbing interest have been opened during the recent excavations conducted by the British School at Athens. "Among the private apartments (of the palace)," writes Mr. Wace, "a tank-bath, lined with red stucco, was discovered. Local rumour already declares this to be the scene of the murder of Agamemnon." We may recall that a photograph of a bath found at Mycenæ during an earlier stage of the British excavations was given in our issue of December 4, 1920, along with other illustrations and an account of the work; also in our issue of August 7, 1920, appeared an illustrated article on Mycenæ "finds," by Professor D. G. Hogarth. Here it may be well to repeat, in explanation of the above photographs, part of Mr. Wace's description in the present number of the Tholos (domed) tombs of the later dynasty (1500—1200 B.C.). "Nine of these tombs," he writes, "are known at

Mycenæ, and the British School has carefully re-examined them all and prepared careful plans and photographs. One of these tombs, now christened the Tomb of Ægisthus, because it lies by the side of the Tomb of Clytemnestra, had never before been excavated. This is the largest of the first group, and probably was the tomb of one of the earlier kings of the dynasty. Its entrance passage . . . is over seventy feet long and fifteen feet wide, and is well over twelve feet deep at the deepest point. . . . The dome itself . . . was over forty feet in diameter and forty in height. The stone-work of its walls was ingeniously constructed, with an elaborate system of counter-weighting and wedging the stones that inclined inwards to make the dome. This shows that even at this early date Mycænæan engineers and architects had both imagination for drawing plans and knowledge for making calculations and construction." The octopus vase came from a tomb (No. 529) of which a plan is given on page 525. Allusions to Tutankhamen and to the fall of Troy occur in Mr. Wace's article.

The World of Women



An artificial silk jumper, worked in a dropstitched design, is shown just above, while gaily coloured wool check on a white artificial silk foundation makes the other attractive jumper. Penberthy's, 388, Oxford Street, are responsible for both models.

THE QUEEN was, I expect, quite excited over her visit to Princess Mary's country home, and the christening of her first grandchild. Goldsborough Hall is a sheer delight to Princess Mary, who loves the country far more than the town, and to whom the Yorkshire air acts as a tonic. Of course, our Princess will frequently be in town, and will take her share in entertaining here; but Goldsborough is the home of her heart. The pleasure of showing its charms to her beloved mother, the Queen, must have been great. It is an old house which has been brought up to date without hurt to its dignity or individuality, and I am told it has its ghost, a benevolent one and non-intrusive, only putting in occasional appearances. The son and heir bearing one of the names of his great-great-uncle, the late Marquess of Clanricarde, is a nice thought of Lord Lascelles.

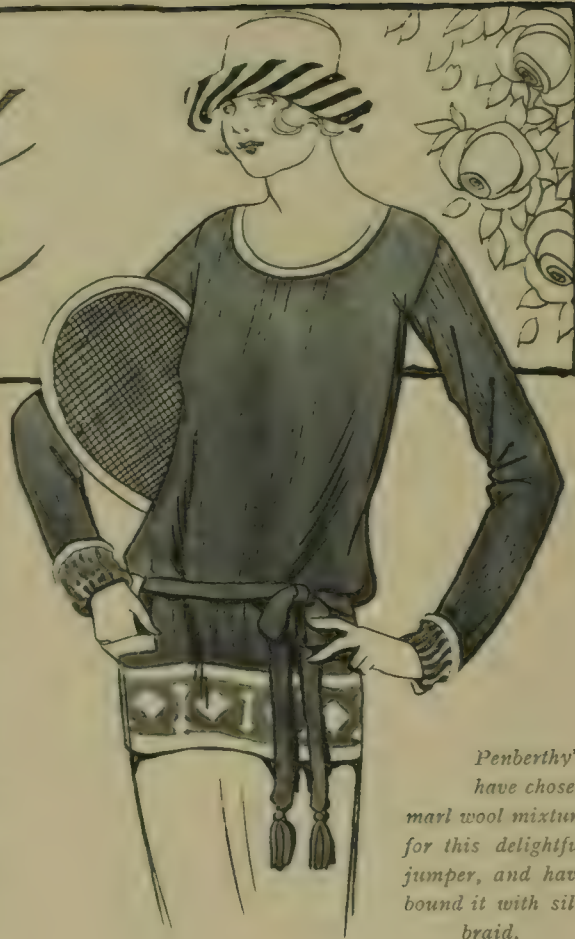
Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll and the Duke of Connaught are the two of Queen Victoria's children who bear the strongest resemblance to each other. It strengthens with years. In genial, pleasant manners their Royal Highnesses also resemble each other. At Mrs. Arthur Sassoon's beautiful house, the Princess opened a sale of work done by blind girls and women at the Barclay workshops. Wearing a black broché cloth skirt and short blouse-shaped coat, and a grey velvet hat, she looked very handsome, and showed great interest in the work. "Every new pattern I can get I send to be copied," the Princess said; "and whether in fabric or knitting, it is always beautifully done." It is wonderful to think that 44 blind girls and women can turn out work which can successfully compete with what is done by those having sight.

Those who think that the strictures of a learned Judge upon women's love of dress will have any

effect in making them even conceal that love, think wrongly. The lady who caused "his Ludship's" well-deserved philippic dressed extravagantly, and had social ambitions of the poorer sort, which she believed could be attained by a reputation for dress. The real love of dress is a part of women of to-day, as it was of those of yesterday and will be of those of to-morrow. Witness the fashion-parades, not only in London, but in the suburbs and in the big provincial towns. They are attended with real pleasure, and some of the numerically inferior sex like to see them too; and if they chaff about some of the models, they are prepared to indorse cheques for the acquirement, by their other halves, of those that meet their approval.

The Marchioness of Londonderry has many interests in good causes, in all of which she works whole-heartedly, and to each of which she lends the grace of personal magnetism. Now it has been her good pleasure to become president of a committee of ladies to assist the chairman, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at the Diamond Jubilee Dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, at the Hotel Victoria, on Thursday, May 10. In virtue of Major the Hon. John Astor's interest in the *Times*, Lady Violet Astor has been elected chairman, and Miss Hogg ("Corisande" of the *Evening Standard*), one of our most efficient women journalists, vice-chairman. It sounds an excellent cast, and if it has the success that the ladies' committee of the Middlesex Hospital achieved when the Prince presided for it, it will prove a real boon to Press people.

Ladies' luncheons are by no means dull affairs. No one expects to have many scores of men to luncheon. That given by Lady Coghlan, and ladies of New South Wales, in honour of Lady Fuller, wife of the Premier of that Dominion, at the Hyde Park Hotel, was of the pleasantest, and enjoyed by about sixty of our sex. Lady Coghlan spoke, and so did the guest of honour. Both spoke well, shortly, and to the point—gentlemen, please copy—and they had an attentive and appreciative audience. It was in discussing women as speakers that one lady said her girl had been taught to speak in public by addressing her comrades at school, a real test of nerves that! Another said that she



Penberthy's have chosen marl wool mixture for this delightful jumper, and have bound it with silk braid.

She says that the Belgian Prince was to have been betrothed to Princess Yolanda, but fell in love with her sister—which will, we hope, cause no family unpleasantness. As Princess Yolanda is much in love with her young cavalry Count, this is most unlikely. A third engagement which will be made public later is between the Crown Prince of Italy, a tall, handsome young man, and fascinating, pretty little Princess José of Belgium. This would make a second bond between Italy and Belgium, if my informant is right. As she is unknown to me, and writes to "A. E. L.," I give her information and convey my thanks to her.

One thing is true about the womanhood of to-day which we all welcome. It is the charm of those of our sex who have left their youth behind them, who are handsomer and more delightful as grandmothers than they were as girls. I can think of dozens, but one notable example is Mrs. George Keppel, who was looking remarkably well at Lady Coghlan's lunch. The hostess herself looked like a girl, but has a girl married. Lady Kysant is a grandmother, and as handsome and full of life and interests as any girl.

Sybil Lady Eden is lovely, and has long been a grandmother. One could amplify the list enormously, and it is, I think, a sign that the more strenuous life we live in these days is killing old age—or at all events very greatly postponing it, and so shortening its drawbacks.

I meet many women who are very anxious about the Prince of Wales, and wish that he would stop hunting. They do not realise that his sportsmanship and pluck are quite one-half of the charm he holds for us, and a still greater proportion of that which draws men to him. He is, I hear, very candid about it, and says that if he had no brothers and was the one man of his house and line, he would sacrifice his love of riding

across country and of playing polo to the interests of the country and the people. He considers himself more happily situated in having, as he says, three brothers, "all better men than me," and so he can have his fun with a free conscience, having put duty first and for the first years of his young manhood devoted himself absolutely to it. Now, whenever his sport conflicts with public duty, it goes to the wall. A. E. L.



These pretty little frocks are of organdie muslin, and hail from P. Steinmann's, 185, Piccadilly. Bright silk thread work decorates the dress on the left; while self-coloured Swiss embroidery is used for the daffodil-yellow frock on the right. In the centre, a coral-pink hem is allied to a white foundation. (See page 532.)

was terrified when she had to speak, and always practised into the gramophone. Certainly it is a good thing to train women to speak concisely, clearly, and effectively.

A correspondent from America tells me that as soon as Princess Yolanda of Italy is married, the engagement of Princess Mafalda, her sister next in age, to the Crown Prince of Belgium will be announced.

The John Haig Clubland Series No. 23.

The Robin Hood Club.

POSSESSING nothing of the romantic character that its name might imply, The Robin Hood Debating Club is of interest as the training ground of many of the great orators of its period. It flourished in the reign of George the Second, and had its meeting place at a house in Essex Street, off the Strand, where every Monday its members debated subjects of many and varied natures. The Robin Hood was the scene of some of Burke's earliest eloquence, and it is said that there was one opponent whom Burke could never manage to silence in the person of the President. So imposing in appearance and in eloquence was he that Oliver Goldsmith, introduced to the Club by his friend and fellow-countryman Samuel Derrick, thought that nature had intended the President for a Lord Chancellor. "No! No!" whispered Derrick, who knew he was a wealthy baker, "only for a Master of the Rolls!" Goldsmith incidentally is described in a contemporaneous account as "a candid disputant with a clear head and an honest heart." And "clear heads" and "honest hearts" then, as now, usually implied a worthy liking and respect for John Haig Whisky, which is only natural when it is realised that this, the *original* Haig Whisky, had already been famous for over a century as the greatest product of Scotland's oldest distillers.

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TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

AN UPWARD TENDENCY.

I HAVE frequently remarked upon the growing tendency of the big recording companies to reproduce music of a lasting nature, as apart from the lighter type—dance numbers and so forth—which serves to while away the time in a pleasant manner calling for little mental effort or concentration. The focus of the gramophone is steadily shifting to a higher plane. The instrument has emerged from its pupillage, and is now fast becoming the teacher. Not that this tendency to record "big" music is altogether new; but, instead of being a rarity, it is now quite the regular practice, and I am making a special note of two important sets of records, issued this month (apart from the usual monthly lists), of a standard which brings the gramophone perceptibly nearer to its ultimate goal as the ideal home entertainer.

In the first place, there are the records from "Polly," sung and played by members of the original cast, and the orchestra of the Kingsway Theatre, conducted by Frederic Austin, and made by the Gramophone Company ("His Master's Voice").

The issue comprises five double-sided 12-inch discs, containing twenty-four vocal "gems" and an orchestral selection. Singing, playing and recording are excellent. Lilian Davies is extremely fine in "Virtue's Treasure," "Sleep, O Sleep," and "Utterly alone and forsaken"; and among the concerted numbers "Laugh, boys, laugh loud," sung by Pitt Chatham and chorus, will prove a great favourite. The selection comes out very well, the small orchestra records in every detail, bringing out Mr. Austin's delightful scoring. The trumpet, used very sparingly, is wonderfully effective when it comes in; and the quaint "tinkle" of the harpsichord which peeps through, and ever and anon has a short passage to itself, is most alluring.

The second of these important sets of records goes by the name of "Wagnerian Masterpieces," and is also issued by "His Master's Voice." I understand that it is the first of a series of such issues. The records under review are taken from "The Rhinegold" and "The Valkyrie," the first two operas of "The Ring." The principal vocalists are Florence Austral, Edith Furmedge, Tudor Davies, Clarence

Whitehill, and Robert Radford, the conductors being Albert Coates and Eugene Goossens. The numbers are sung in English, to the accompaniment of a full Wagnerian orchestra, and gramophonists are to be congratulated on such an addition to the library of recorded Wagnerian music.

From "The Rhinegold," only two items are given, the first being the stealing of the gold by Alberich; and the second the descent to Nibelheim and the capture of Alberich; but "The Valkyrie" records



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include most things that matter, from the "Prelude" to the "Fire Music" of the Finale.

THE MARCH RECORDS.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE."

The March list is a full one. As a masterpiece of dramatic singing, Chaliapine's record of "The Song of the Viking Guest," from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Sadko," will take its place with his finest achievements. The orchestral accompaniment is particularly well scored, and "comes through" perfectly, even at the most strenuous vocal moments. Alma

Gluck and Louise Homer sing two numbers from "Hansel and Gretel." One, "Der Kleine Sandmann," is taken from Act II., and introduces the lovely "Prayer" theme. The other, "Na, Gretelchen," is from Act III., at the moment when the witch, gloating over her prospective feast upon the children, is herself pushed into the oven. Tetrazzini is heard in the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," which gives her sparkling trills and runs full display. Heifetz plays many tricks of technique with his violin in Sarasate's "Zapateado"—a sort of Spanish clog-dance. The Symphony Orchestra, under Albert Coates, gives a fine rendering of Strauss's "Don Juan," in which the complex scoring is very cleverly recorded. Leila Megane sings beautifully the complete set of Elgar's "Sea Pictures," with orchestral accompaniment conducted by the composer. Mrs. V. G. Woodhouse and Moisevitch contribute harpsichord and pianoforte pieces respectively. The rest consists of "popular" numbers and good dances.

"COLUMBIA."

There is a representative selection, of which the outstanding items are the playing by the Lener Quartette of the Andante Cantabile from Haydn's Quartet in F, and the Lento from Dvorak's "Nigger" Quartet; the New Queen's Hall Orchestra's rendering of Bantock's "Pierrot of the Minute," under Sir Henry J. Wood; Dame Clara Butt's singing of "Barbara Allen," and the late Liza Lehmann's settings of "Belloc's" "Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral," sung by Harold Williams. There are some popular items and a fine dance list.

"VOCALION."

The list for March is principally vocal, and contains no items that are not familiar. Lenghi-Cellini sings "Addio Mignon," from Ambroise Thomas's opera of that name. Eric Marshall (baritone) is heard in "Promesse de mon avenir," from "Le Roi de Lahore," and Malcolm McEarchern's fine bass comes out well in Pinsuti's "The Raft" and Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence." An important addition to the chamber-music section is the record of the final movements of Mozart's Trio in E, played by Albert Sammons, Lionel Tertis, and Ethel Hobday. Sapellnikoff is the pianoforte soloist in his own Gavotte, Op. 3, and Liszt's "Le Rossignol." Mention must also be made of the new "Æolian" dance list.

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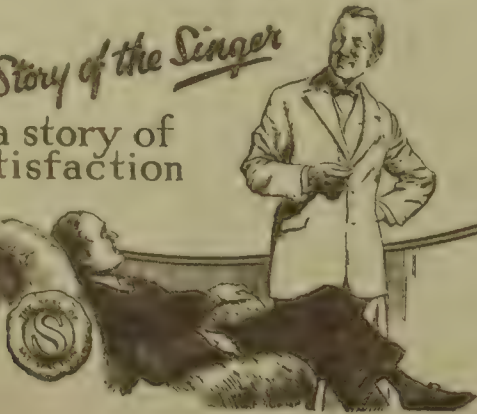
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The source of inspiration is not far to seek, for the little pouch, which is generally worn over one hip attached to a belt of worked leather, is exactly similar in shape to the leather pouch in which the leisurely messenger boy calmly stores his urgent letters while he loiters by an enthralling street accident. It is, of course, rather smaller in design, and need not necessarily be of leather, though it looks particularly attractive in that substance. Gaily coloured beadwork was used in one case to decorate an afternoon frock of palest almond-green crêpe marocain, and the little purse that hung from the bead motif over the left hip was carried out in the same medium.

Dresses of Note. Grass-lawn is one of the interesting materials which the spring has chaperoned, and it consists of a ridged and rather firmer form of ordinary fine lawn. Mme. Barri, of 33, New Bond Street, has used it for the edging of the long cross-over neck and the curious under-cuffs which appear on the navy-blue gabardine coat-frock sketched on this page. This dress has been created for women with full figures, who will benefit by the slender effect of the long, graceful lines. Mme. Barri's consideration for the needs of the sportswoman has resulted in a fascinating heliotrope three-piece knitted suit with a plain skirt, a small coat ribbed on the collar, the cuffs, and the band across the hips, and a short-sleeved jumper to match. The price is exceedingly modest—namely, 8½ guineas. A lovely evening gown which boasts a cloak to match is carried out in emerald-green crêpe marocain, with heavy silver ribbon and bead embroidery round the waist, on the front panels, and down the two short trains at the back. The neck is boat-shaped in front, and forms a V at the back; and the striking cloak of the same material is lined with silver tissue shot with green, so that it can be worn inside out with equal effect. The high padded collar is entwined with silver ribbon.

Frocks for the Little People. Everyone knows, of course, that if lace is required, the place to visit is always P. Steinmann's, 185, Piccadilly, for they are world-renowned as lace specialists; but it must also be remembered that they



Mme. Barri, 33, New Bond Street, has relieved the severity of this simply cut navy-blue gabardine frock with a collar and curious cuffs of beige grass-lawn.

are responsible for the most delightful baby's layettes imaginable, and the three charming little frocks sketched on page 528 stand to their credit. Organdie muslin is the material chosen in each case, and the price for any one of them is 35s. 6d. Scarlet and green floral designs in silk appear on the little dress on the left, and a corded silk ribbon is threaded through the waist; while palest lemon-yellow is the colour of the pretty dress on the right. It is decorated with Swiss embroidery on the hem and the short puff sleeves. These frocks are all hand-made, and hand-worked hem-stitching appears on the frock worn by the little maiden in the centre. It is carried out in white, edged with coral-pink, and an important point in favour of these little dresses is that they wash beautifully. All those interested in making up lingerie or baby clothes themselves should send for Steinmann's pattern book, which contains samples of every kind of lace and embroidery.

A Variety of Effective Jumpers.

If it is a question of jumpers, the answer is Penberthy's, 388, Oxford Street, for in their salons may be seen an almost unlimited variety of attractive jumpers of artificial silk, wool, or a mixture of the two, and at very moderate prices into the bargain; 35s. is the sum required for the charming artificial silk model depicted on the left at the top of page 528. It can be had in many different shades, and shows a drop-stitch design. The checked jumper in the centre is expressed in a wool pattern on a white artificial silk foundation, and the result is most effective, particularly as the cuffs, collar, and band across the hips are of brushed wool. It may be obtained for 18s. 11d. in an alliance of various colours and white. 42s. is the cost of the marl wool jumper on the right, in which the chief feature is the existence of one pocket concealed in the right side of the hem band. Penberthy's have a selection of delightful lingerie; and their name, of course, is almost a synonym for well-made gloves.

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THE CONEY WHICH CHEWETH THE CUD.

A DISCUSSION has recently been raised in the Press as to the precise meaning of the word "coney," in relation, on the one hand, to the "coney" of the Bible, and on the other to the rabbit. The confusion has arisen from the mistake made by the translators of the Bible when they rendered the Hebrew word "shaphan" into "coney," the name by which the rabbit was then known. The word "coney," or "cony," is said to have been derived from the Old French word *connil*; which, in turn, was derived from the Latin *cuniculus*.

Since the shaphan was described by the old Hebrew writers as a small creature, living among the rocks, it was assumed by the English translators that the coney, or rabbit, was meant. Living "among the rocks" was regarded as equivalent to living in burrows, as they knew was the habit of the rabbit. It was not until Palestine came to be explored that the true character of the shaphan was revealed. It was then found to be identical with the creature known to the Cape Dutch as the "Dassie," and to the rest of us as the Hyrax.

It is regarded as a delicacy by the Arabs.

Canon Tristram tells us that he found it good, but the flesh rather dry and insipid, and as dark in colour as that of the hare. But the Israelites were forbidden to eat it. "The coney because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof: he is unclean unto you." In the Psalms we read: "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies"; and in Proverbs we are told: "There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise. . . . The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks."

Before proceeding to describe the remarkable characteristics of the hyrax, it should be mentioned that, just as our translators interpreted the word shaphan to mean the coney—the rabbit—because they knew nothing of the hyrax; so the old Phœnician mariners mistook the rabbit for the hyrax when they, somewhere about 1050 A.D., for the first time saw large numbers of them, as they were about to set foot in Andalusia. So impressed were they with the large numbers of what they supposed to be the shaphan, or, as they called it, the "Sipan," that they named the country "Sipania," which we

three on the hind, bear, each, instead of a sharp claw, a broad, almost hoof-like nail: except the second toe, which is armed with a peculiar long, curved claw, of unknown function. In the middle of its back would be found a patch of hair, of a different colour from that of the rest of the body. This marks the place of a gland, whose purpose has yet to be discovered.

It is not until the internal anatomy comes to be examined that the real peculiarities of this creature are brought to light. They are so many and so striking, from the anatomist's point of view at any rate, that

they render it necessary to place this animal in a class by itself, so to speak. That it has no sort of relationship to the Rodents, and therefore to the rabbit, is quite certain. On the contrary, it is clear that its affinities lie with the Ungulates—the "hoofed" animals. The structure of the molar teeth alone suffices to demonstrate this; for in many ways they resemble those of the rhinoceros. This was long ago pointed out by Cuvier, who regarded the hyrax as nearly related to this animal. But a further knowledge of its organisation has led zoologists to disassociate it from this connection, and to place it in a group apart. The generally accepted view to-day is that this little animal

must be regarded as having a very distant relationship with the elephants.

This will sound strange. But when the ancestry of the elephant comes to be examined it is found that this wonderful beast is descended from a very small, trunkless creature known as the *Mœritherium*. If one traced an outline round the skeleton of this "elephant in the making," and added a furry coat, the likeness to the hyrax would be rather striking.

The details of the anatomical characters of the hyrax cannot conveniently, or appropriately, be

(Continued on p. 538.)



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to-day call Spain, and the Spaniards "Hispania." And now to answer the question: What manner of creature is the hyrax? To the ordinary observer, perhaps, it is very like a rabbit, both in colour and shape. But a cursory examination would show that it differed in some most important details. In the first place it would appear to be practically earless and tail-less; while the muzzle would have the appearance of being somewhat laterally compressed. The nostrils are conspicuously different. And so, too, with the feet; for the toes, four on the fore-foot and

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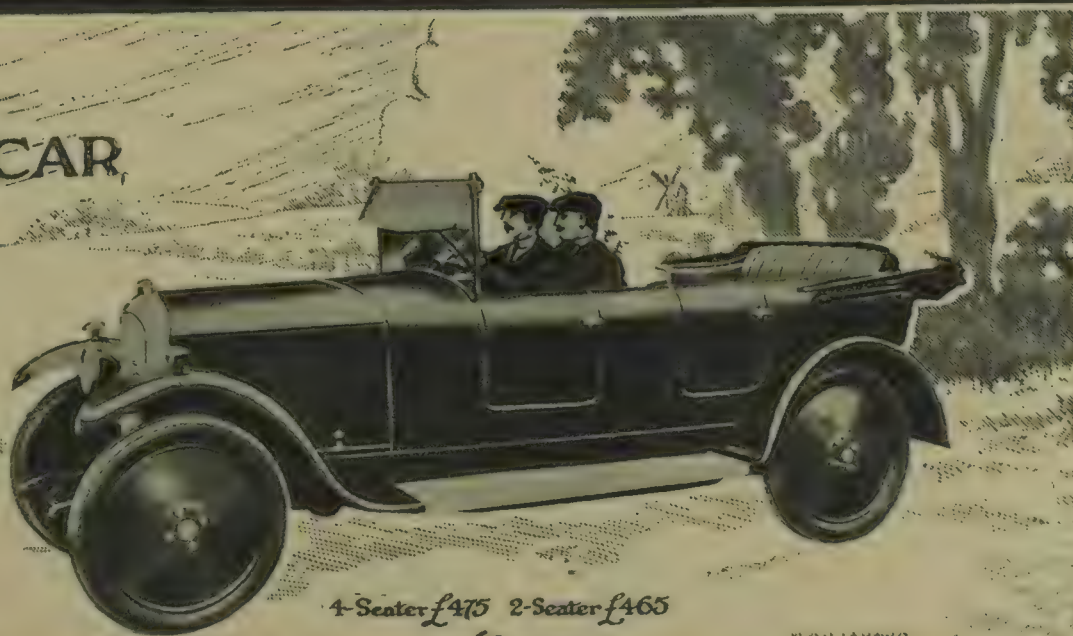
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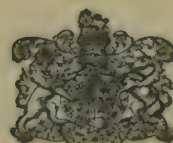
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Road Signals. There is certainly need for a proper codification of road signals of all kinds. Not only does this apply to signals actually used by the traffic itself, but also to those employed by the police in regulating it. The



IN THE "ROUGH" ON KENMORE, THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH TEST HILL: A LITTLE ROVER "EIGHT" TACKLING ONE OF THE STEEP, LOOSE-SURFACED BENDS.

actual traffic signals are simple and fairly generally known, but their use is too often more honoured in the breach than in the observance. In the course of a great deal of driving, I find that the signal which indicates the intention to turn to the right is almost invariably used. The intention to stop is often signalled, but not always; while those indicating an intended left turn and a temporary slowing of speed are more often ignored than not. I should not advocate making the neglect to use these signals an offence, because the motorist is already sufficiently harassed

by regulations which are not always interpreted in that spirit of sweet reasonableness which makes regulation tolerable. I think it would be quite sufficient if the few simple signals employed were definitely recognised by legislation, and in the event of accident through failure to use the appropriate signal, to lay all the onus, whether civil or criminal, upon the defaulter.

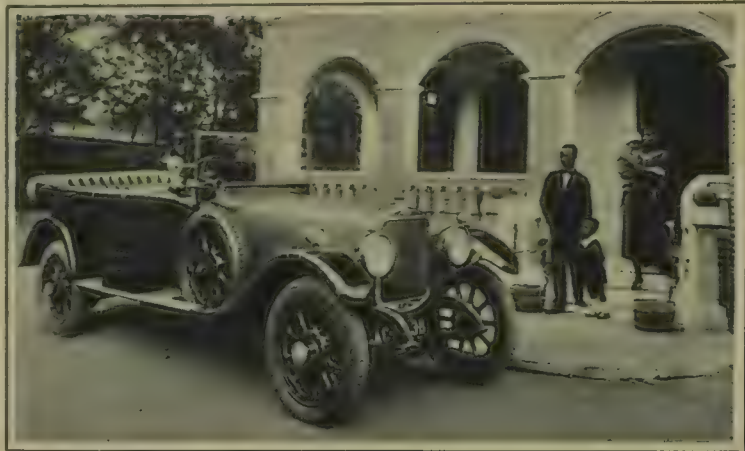
Regarding police traffic signals, these certainly need standardising, because the varying codes used in provincial cities and towns lead to absolute bewilderment of the motoring stranger. In London the signals used are few, simple, and unmistakable. In Manchester, however, the policeman on traffic-regulation duty postures like a classical dancer, and I, for one, plead guilty to an almost total inability to discover what he means. Birmingham has another code, and Coventry yet another. One might go on multiplying these examples. I believe the Chief Constables of the country have some sort of an Association of their own, and I seriously suggest that when next this meets it might do much worse than draw up and agree to a common code of traffic signals.

The R.A.C. and Competitions.

Inquiries received by the R.A.C. indicate that a certain amount of misapprehension exists as to the scope and object of the Competition Rules, although they have been in force for twenty-three years, and recent revisions are mostly of an unimportant character. There appears to be, in particular, a fear that the application of the Closed Competition Rules to all closed competitions may have a hampering effect on the sport. It should therefore be clearly understood that such is not the case. The Closed Rules merely lay down the broad principles under which closed competitions should be held, and will be found, on a little study, to be applicable to all forms of competition. In past years, when their adoption was optional instead of compulsory, they were used by the promoters of hundreds of competitions with excellent results. The promoter drafts his own special regulations for the competition in question and submits them to the R.A.C. They are examined, to see that they do not conflict with the Competition Rules of the R.A.C., to which the special regulations

then become supplementary, and are so described on the programme. If desired, the promoter can apply to except one or more of the Competition Rules to suit special circumstances; but this is rarely, if ever, found to be necessary.

A new feature of the Closed Competition Rules is the definition of what constitutes "membership" of a club for the purpose of competitions. Such definition has become necessary in view of the increasing practice of evading the necessity of applying for a permit for what is, to all intents and purposes, an open meeting, by including membership of the promoting club in the entry fee for the so-called closed meeting. Such meetings have actually been advertised as "open to all." The definition has therefore been drafted so as to restrict the entries to bona-fide members of the promoting club who have been elected prior to the publication of the regulations for the competition. From the point of view of competitors, one outstanding advantage to be gained by the holding of all meetings under the Competition Rules is that a person



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aggrieved by a decision of the stewards at a closed meeting will in future always have the right of appeal to the stewards of the R.A.C. It is obviously desirable that the decisions of the promoters of competitions which attract hundreds of entrants, of whom a large proportion are connected with the trade, should be subject to review, in case of a protest, by the body which is accepted as the final court of appeal in all matters connected with the sport. W. W.

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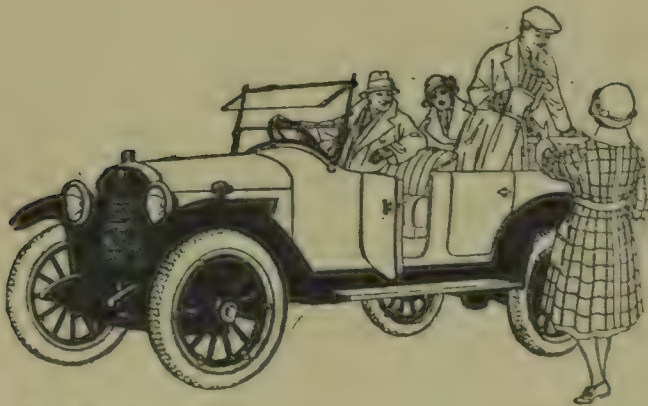
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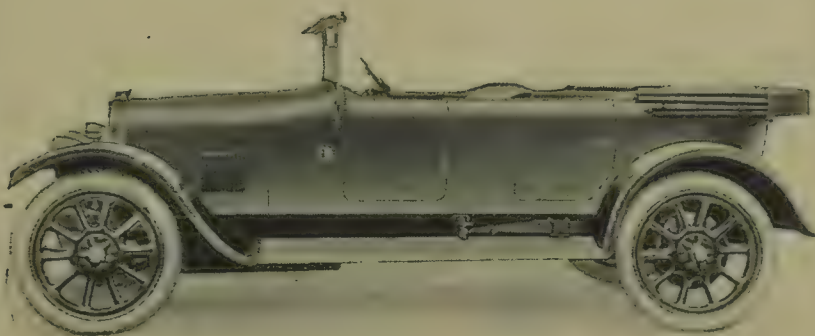


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"SCIENCE JOTTINGS."—(Continued from page 534.)

discussed in this column, but a word may well be said as to whether it "cheweth the cud." It was because it was believed to do this, "but divideth not the hoof," that it was forbidden the Israelites as food by the Mosaic Law. As a matter of fact, it does not "chew the cud," though it has a habit of moving the jaws in the manner characteristic of the ruminants while it is at rest. Since the incisor teeth grow from persistent pulps, after the fashion of those of the rodents, it may be that this movement of the jaws is sustained for the purpose of keeping the cutting edges of the teeth sharp.

More than fourteen species of hyrax are known to science, ranging from Syria, Arabia, and Palestine into Africa. For the most part these animals are dwellers amid clefts in rocks; but some species have adopted an arboreal life, and live in hollow trees. In common with their terrestrial relatives they have the remarkable power of climbing, like the lizard known as the gecko, up the vertical faces of rocks, with the soles of the feet. Having regard to their weight, this is a really surprising performance.

Little is really known of the habits of the hyrax in a wild state, for they are extremely wary, and vanish into their hiding-places at the slightest alarm. But on occasion they can be taken unaware, and from fleeting glimpses of this kind it would seem that they are sociable creatures, as many as twelve having been seen playing together "like rabbits."

In captivity they rarely breed; but they make gentle and amusing pets. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, of the Zoological Society, had a tree-hyrax which showed a very affectionate disposition. When it



A SEASONABLE DELICACY MUCH IN DEMAND:
AN EASTER EGG OF FRY'S CHOCOLATE.

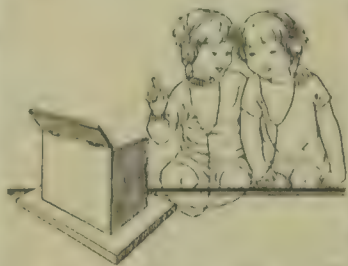
was angry it stamped with its fore-paws on the ground, and expressed pleasure by a low, chirping purr. It displayed a quite unusual degree of character and intelligence, and a most restless curiosity.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

"SPORTING AND DRAMATIC."

WITH the start, last week, of its ninety-ninth volume, the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* adopts a new form, the page being now of the handy size favoured by its younger contemporaries. At the same time, there is a large increase in the number of pages, and the circle of admirers of the old paper will be widened enormously by the additional attractions provided, both in pictures and letterpress. There is a lightness of treatment and a certain democratisation in dealing with sport that promises well for the future. A strong feature is made of coloured illustrations, and the issue contains a striking portrait of H.M. the King as a yachtsman, by Cecil Cutler, illustrating the first of a series of British all-round sportsmen; a vigorous double-page of the canal turn in the Grand National, by Gilbert Holiday; and a vivid impression of hurdling at Queens' by Steven Spurrier. Liberal space is given to a new illustrated section on "Women in Sport," dealing with all branches, without any interference with the pages devoted to men's games.

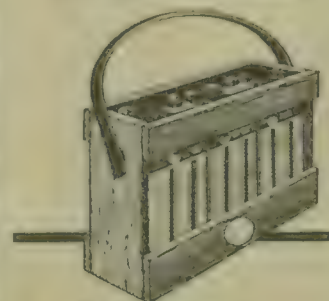
Golfers will be interested in Mr. A. C. M. Croome's pictorial study of Mr. John Ball; rowing men with the portraits of the Oxford and Cambridge crews; Rugby men with Elcock's impressions at Inverleith; and "Soccer" players with Leete's delightfully humorous contrast, "Saturday Afternoon." Racing and hunting men, "dry-bobs" and "wet-bobs," will all find their outdoor pastimes dealt with; while the theatrical features are as strong as ever. There is good fiction in the varied pages, and a £100 competition for a prize story. Altogether, the *Sporting and Dramatic* is undoubtedly moving strongly with the times.



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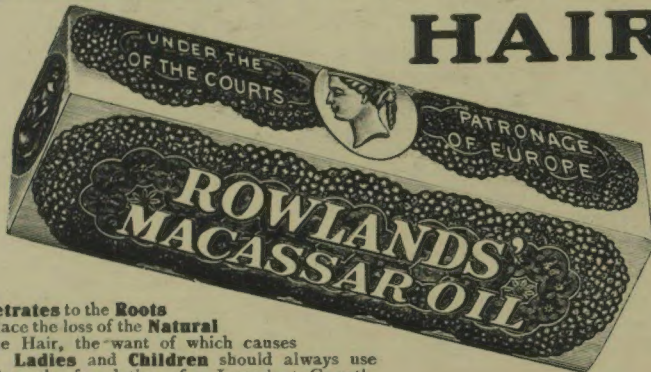
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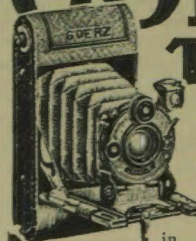
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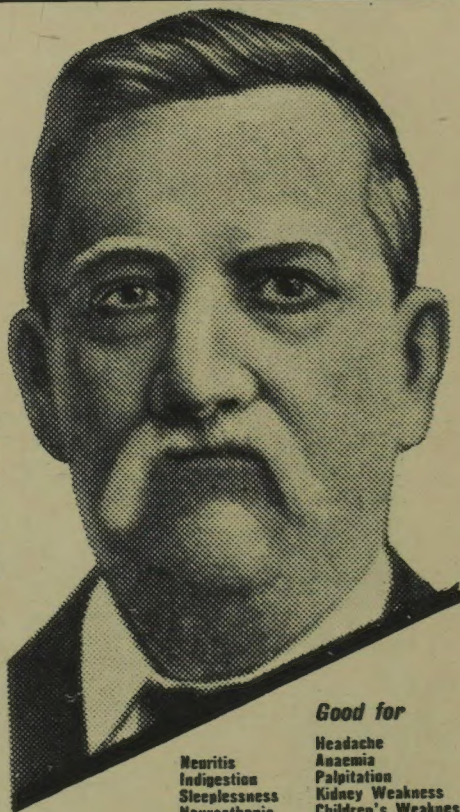
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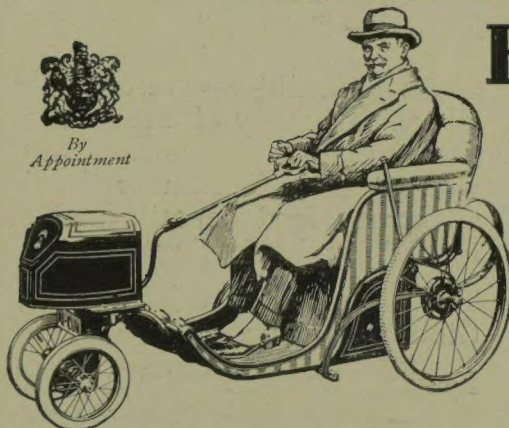
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GIBBS Wind-Sifted Tal- cum Powder	1 0
GIBBS Cold Cream Foam 1 0 (Vanishing Cream)	
GIBBS Complexion Cream	1 0
GIBBS Crystallised Brilliantine 6d. & 1 3	
GIBBS "Kura" Soap	8
GIBBS Liquid Shampoo	2 0

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Tubes	6d. & 1/-

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SMALL ridges and waves divide the surface of tooth enamel into countless tiny facets, visible only through a powerful magnifying glass. This formation, which is of a crystalline nature, radiates light from every angle, and produces the glorious lustre of perfect teeth. Preserve the light facets and you keep your teeth—once lost they can never be regained.

Gibbs Dentifrice preserves and heightens the glistening beauty of the teeth and keeps the mouth sweet and wholesome. It cleans and polishes without risk of harm to the light facets—dissolves all greasy food deposits and neutralises the acids formed by fermenting foods.

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